THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illus
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Magazine
Franklin

AUG. 17, 1907

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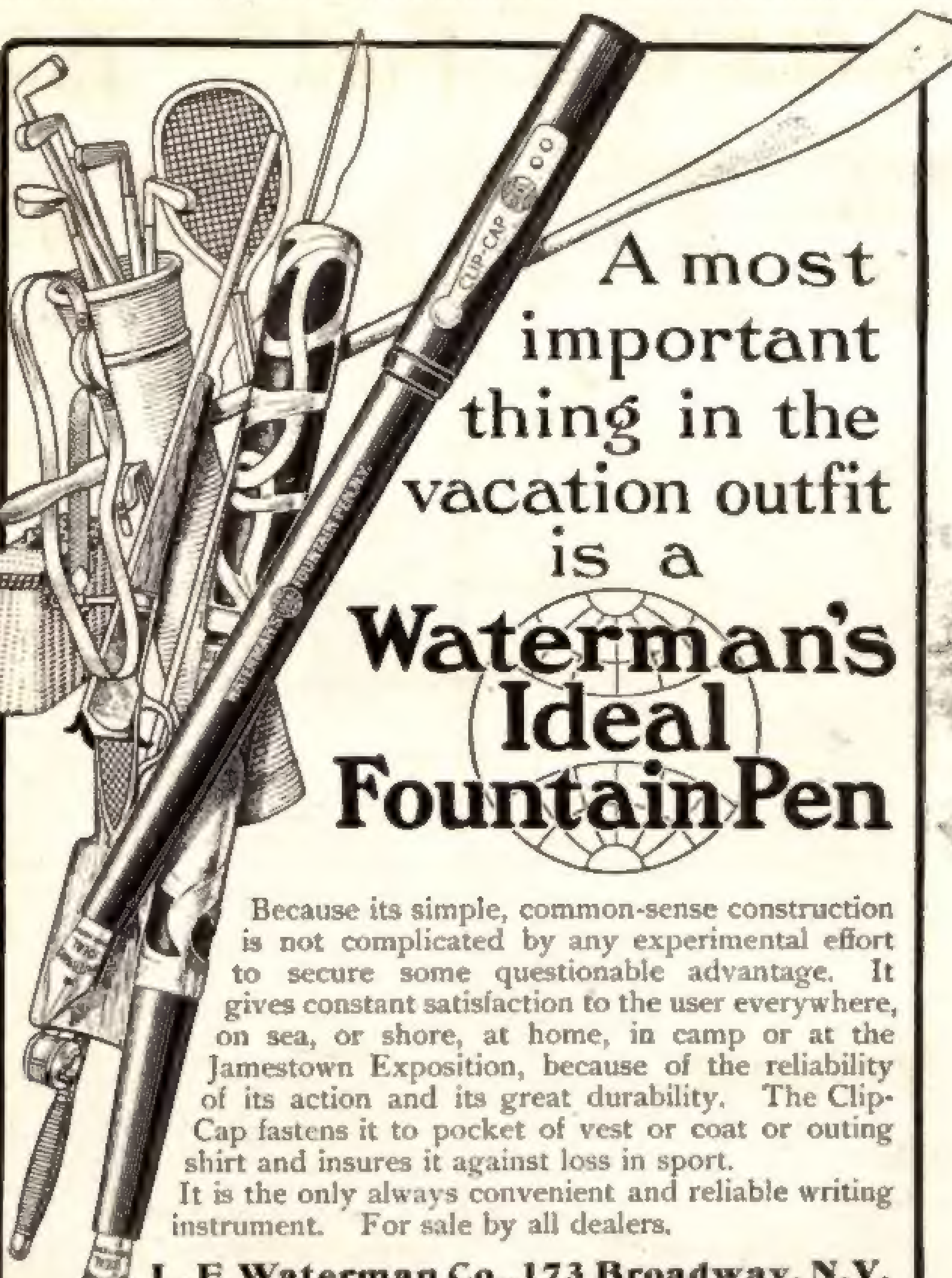
EX MACHINA—By Robert W. Chambers



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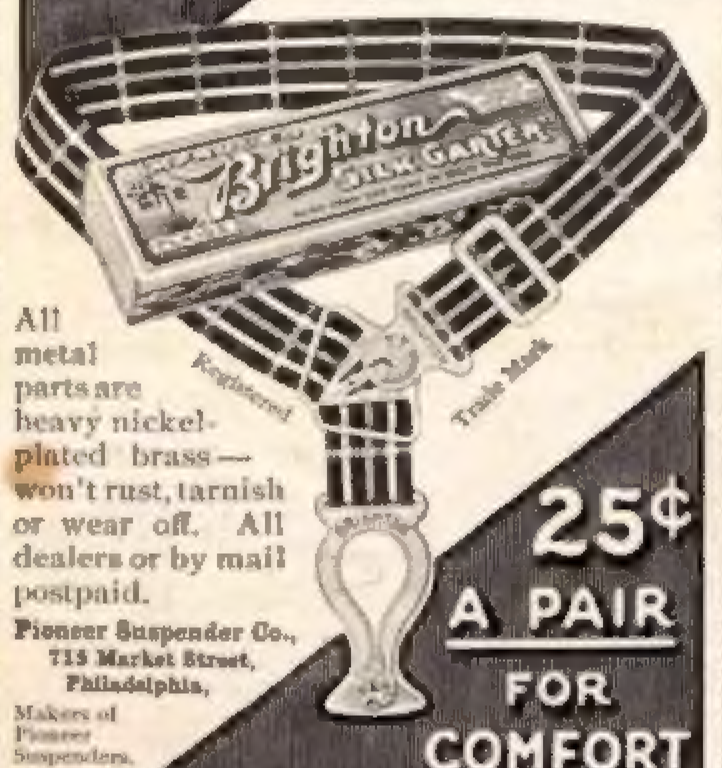

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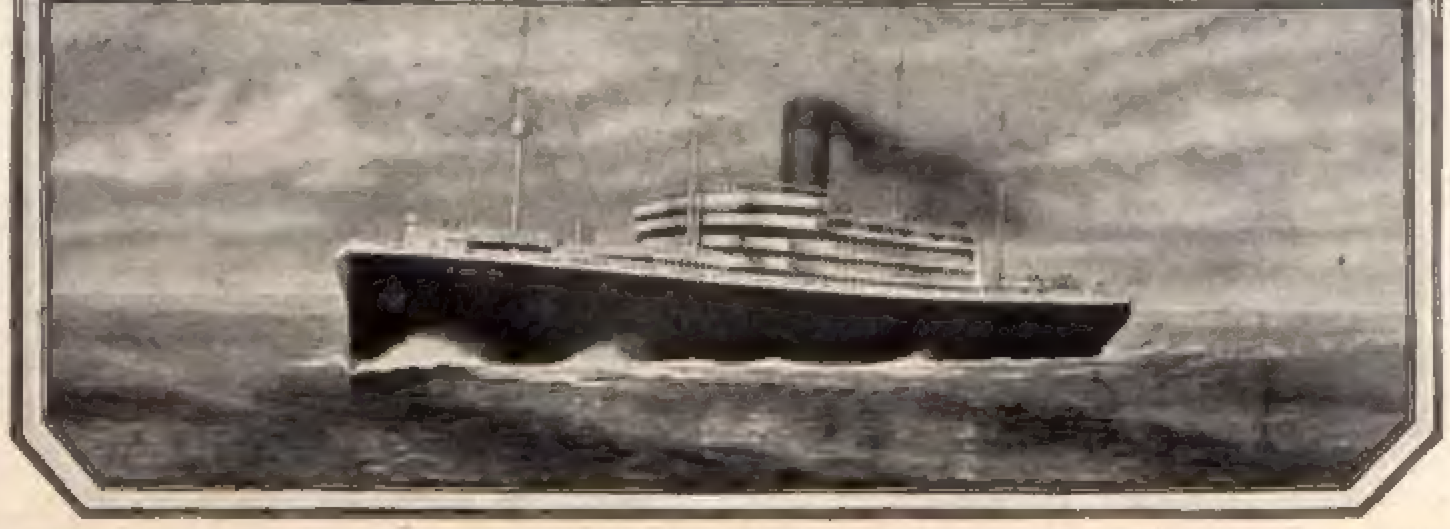

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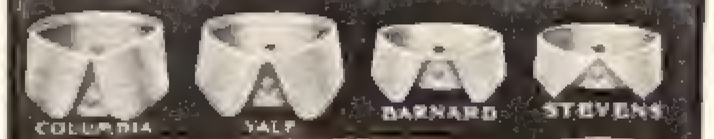

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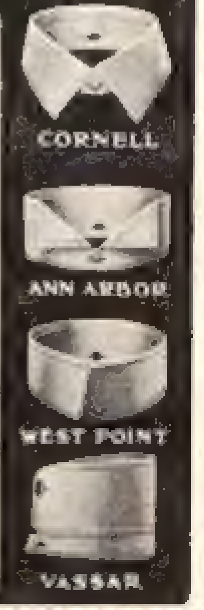

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A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week — save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile — when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Next Week's Number

His Own People

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

The boy was from the Middle West, and it took the savings of several years to get him to Europe. He was not a bad boy; he was, in fact, the last sort you would have chosen as the leading figure in that time-worn drama, The Rake's Progress.

Yet Paris and Rome have dazzled the eyes of the best-intentioned young man who ever visited them for the first time; and titles, smart dinners, jewels and Worth clothes have frequently made the poor fool we call Youth ashamed of his folks back in America.

No truer and finer work has Booth Tarkington done than in this creation of the slightly "superior" Middle Western lad, transplanted to Europe, who allows himself to be mistaken for the son of an American multi-millionaire. Something more than a twelvemonth has elapsed, indeed, since the author has at all been heard from in fiction, and now, though it is venturing a good deal to predict an even greater success for him than he achieved in Monsieur Beaucaire or The Two Vanrevels, we do confidently prophesy such a success for this, his new novelette, the publication of which, illustrated by Mazzanovich, begins in the next issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Gentleman's Gentleman

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH

One of Mr. Smith's charming sketches — a story and yet a character study — done in that vein which has made this author so widely popular.

The Impossible Mr. Gurley

By GELETT BURGESS

What would you think, young woman, of a man whom you had never met, but who calmly wrote to you that he was going to marry you at a given hour on a given day, not very far in the future? That is the sort of a person that the clever humorist, Gelett Burgess, takes for his hero in this story.

The Health of the Employee

By DR. WOODS HUTCHINSON

Modern science has brought a new problem into the life of the employer. It has shown that the keen business-man can fill his own purse with money by filling his employees' bodies with health. The best way to accomplish this Dr. Hutchinson tells in the article that he has written for us.

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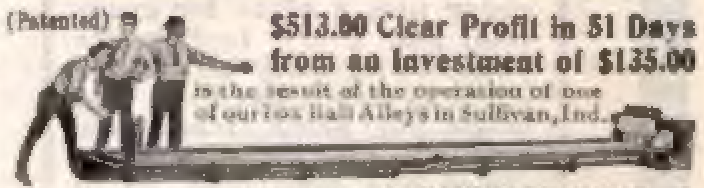

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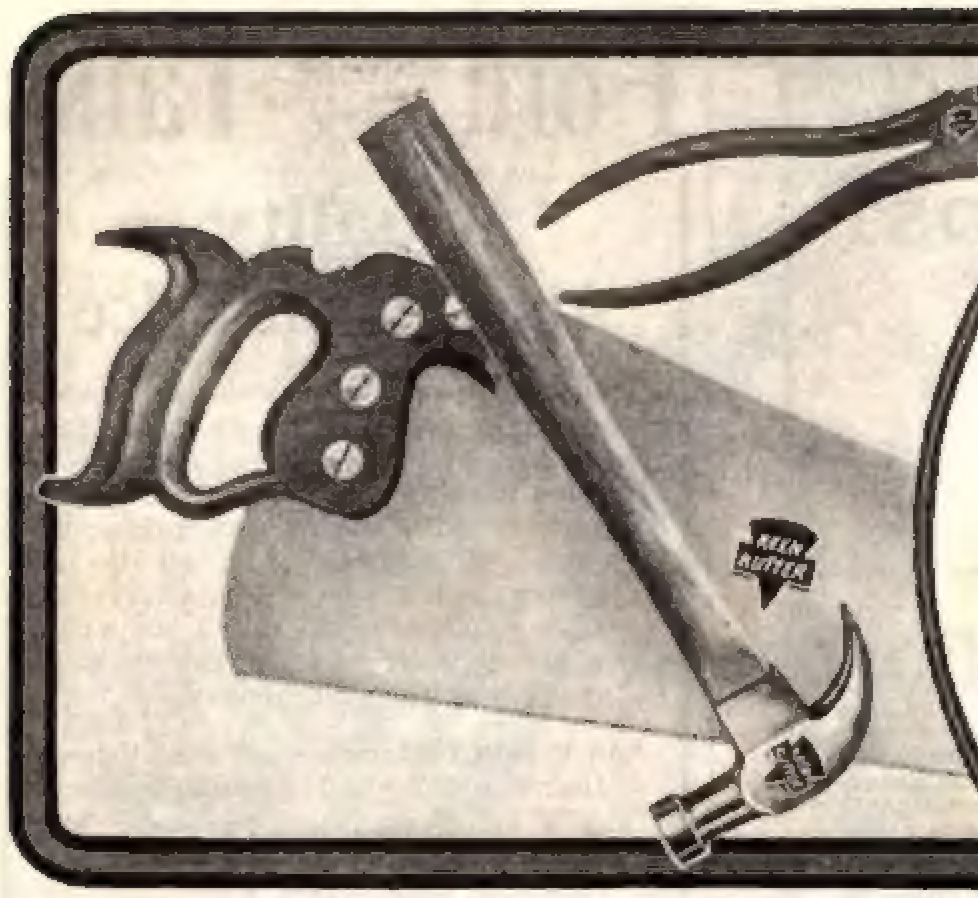
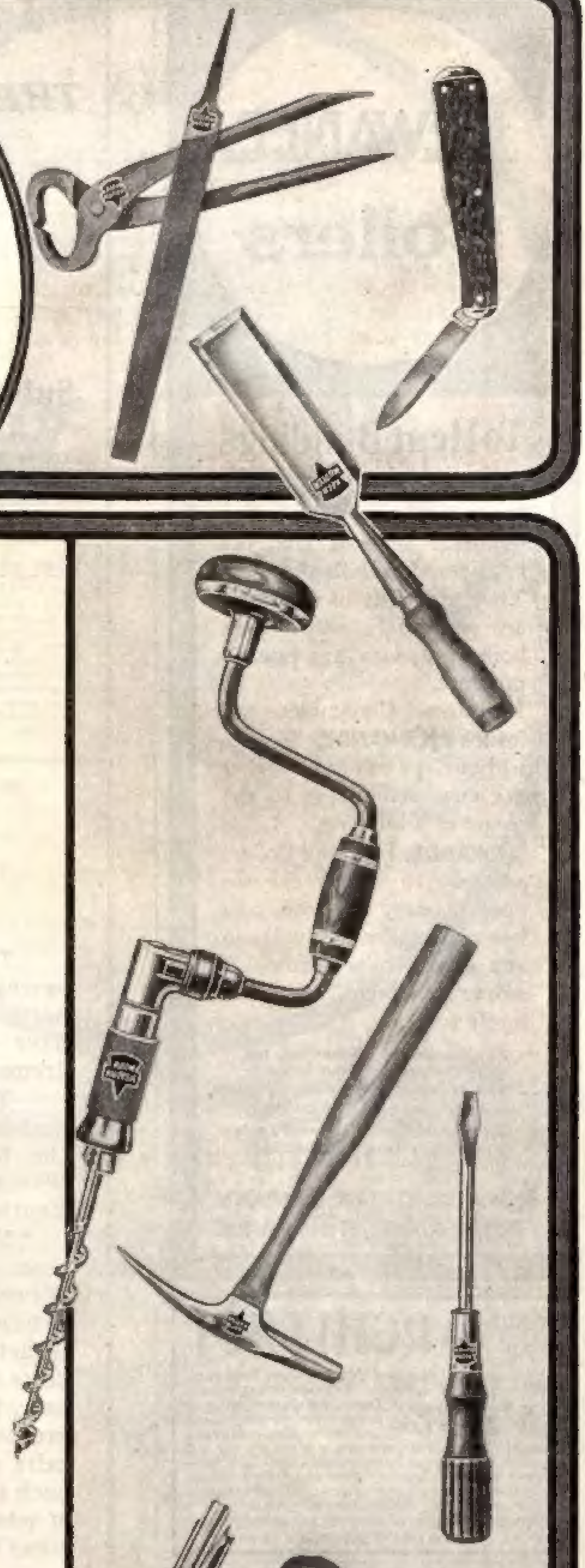


Edges Teeth Claws and Jaws



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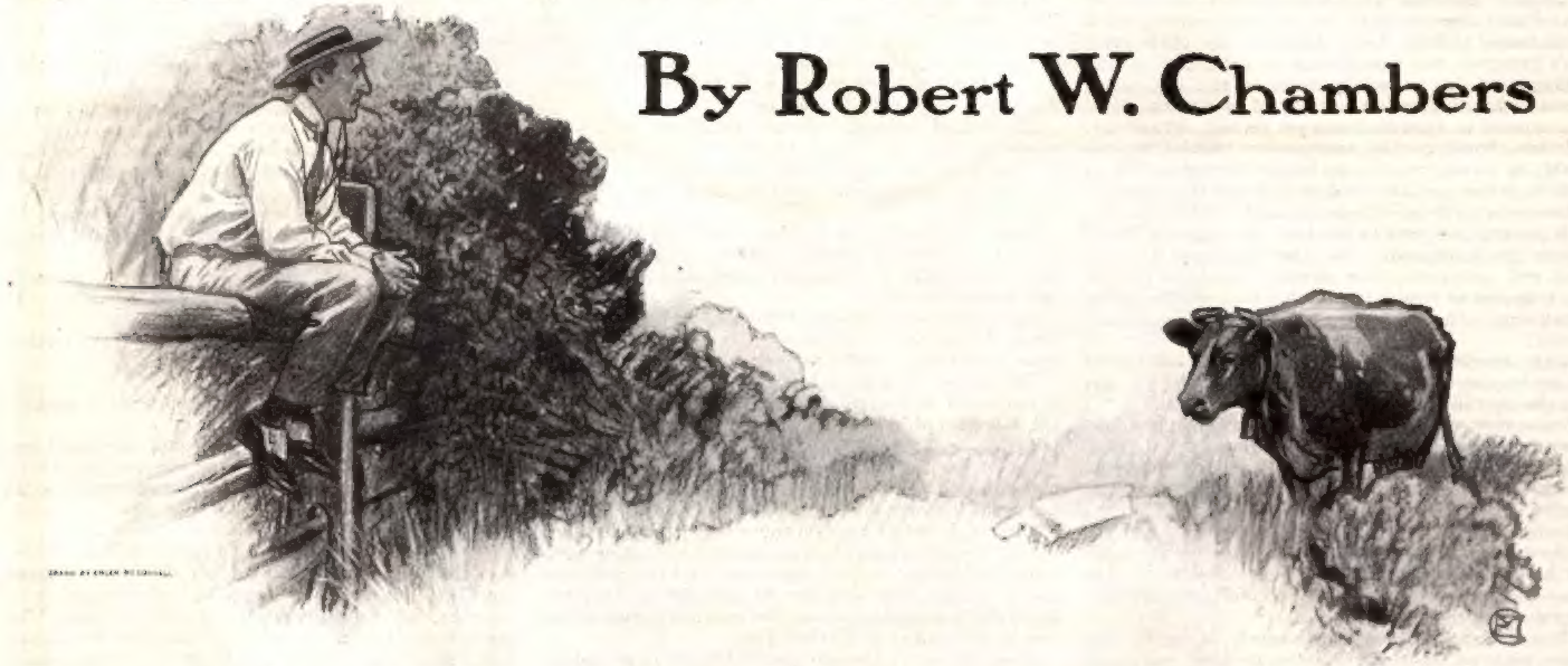
EX MACHINA

By Robert W. Chambers



I—SUI GENERIS

UNDER the nose of William Manners the lid of Pandora's Box had now been twitched wide open by the demon of notoriety; around William Manners plagues and troubles of various species were swarming thick and fast. For no sooner did the metropolitan public awake to the fact that there existed on the island of Manhattan a man who, through mental suggestion, was able to influence, mould and change the character and fortune of any individual to suit his own whim and fancy, than that same public arose and rushed upon Manners, confident of the millennium as advertised, and determined to secure large slices at bargain prices before it was all gone.

Apparently, everybody in New York desired to interview this young man who, they believed, was not only able to turn them all into whatever they desired to be, but who also might be persuaded to transform other people into other things for their benefit.

Hundreds and hundreds of letters poured into the club for Manners, many containing money or checks with requests for a course of absent mental treatment. Some desired to be endowed with beauty, some with an education, some with love, a few with common-sense, and all with the ability to make fortunes within the week.

At first Manners attempted to return money and checks with a polite note of refusal for every applicant, but the letters continued to arrive by thousands; the club servants stacked them up in piles on the floor of his room; the club authorities, astonished and irritated, sent word to Manners that a club was no place in which to conduct private business.

But Manners could neither stop the avalanche of letters nor return their contents. People began to call at the club to inquire for him—odd-looking people—types from the Rialto, Third and Sixth Avenues, "professors" of various "sciences," fat females elaborately over-decorated, palmists, astrologers, weird flotsam from the reeking gridiron west of Long Acre, shabby curb brokers, bookmakers, seedy touts from Forty-second Street, and bright-eyed, bright-cheeked young persons, amply endowed with undulous figures and diamonds, carrying small toy dogs and a heavy scent of violets.

Up rose the governors of the club in their indignation, requesting Manners to consider himself suspended. Then the post-office authorities seized his letters, carted them off on a truck, and threatened to proceed against him for improper use of the mails; two policemen were stationed to watch the club as a suspicious resort, and a committee of very young clergymen waited upon the mayor to protest against Manners as a public menace to morals.

Manners packed his belongings and fled, but Destiny ran after him and whacked him again for good measure; and the next morning's papers announced the failure of the Pine Barrens Irrigation Company, William Manners president and principal stockholder. Thus did blind Justice redress the balance; thus did the normal kick the abnormal; thus did an old-fashioned, every-day, commonplace world bump William Manners to rebuke him for bringing into it what belonged somewhere between Avernus and Harlem.

Too long had a respectable and unimaginative planet put up with mediums and table-tippings and Columbia University; William Manners and his absent treatment were too much. So the world reared on its hindlegs and butted him hard. And a month later William Manners might have been seen seated thoughtfully upon a rail fence, contemplating the rural scenery of Northern New York State.

There was scarcely anything there except scenery, unless a tumbledown farmhouse might be included. But even that was a sight in itself.

Pines and oaks and elms; uplands covered with sweet fern and wild grass; distant fields of buckwheat and oats, distant pastures where cattle stood looking like the newly-painted inmates of Noah's Ark—these, and a dusty road, seemed to be the only noticeable adornments of the immediate landscape. Beyond the low hills he did not know what lay. He had rented this lonely little farm with part of the few dollars remaining to him after the crash in Pine Barrens Irrigation stock; and now he sat down for a few months to catch his breath and recover his self-possession. It was all he could hope to recover and possess.

The outskirts of Coon Corners appeared to be peculiarly fashioned for the retirement, self-effacement and spiritual meditation of man. With the aid of a scant quart of milk which he managed occasionally to wring from his cow, he supplied himself with nourishing drink and exercise. A crossroads store at Coon Corners, two miles away, furnished him with mouldy groceries; a small garden with recreation, vegetables and weeds, also bait for fishing.

To mitigate the blow and accustom himself gradually to his altered circumstances in life, he always dressed for dinner and served himself with milk, potatoes, bacon and carrots in courses. Between courses he played on his harmonica, because, in town, he had been accustomed to restaurant music. The music also served to fill voids—voids of all sorts—as, for example, when he couldn't bring himself to swallow his own cooking, or when the stillness around him got hold of his nerves and clawed them.

After dinner he always removed his evening clothes, tied on an apron, and performed household rites. Then he would dress again and sit on the porch and watch fireflies and listen intently to his cow-bell.

This had now continued for a month; he lived mechanically, moved and breathed and had his being automatically; for he was still partly stupefied by the suddenness of the overwhelming calamity which had befallen him.

Little by little, however, the mental numbness began to leave him, and the raw wound began to sting.

One dreadful day and night of despair capped the climax, but that was the worst; he at last fully realized the situation, accepted it *pro tem.*, and seated himself upon the hard top rail of experience, a grass stem between his lips, his eyes fixed absently upon his cow, who returned his stare, placidly chewing.

"William," he said to himself, "this is not Hell: it is only Purgatory; and you deserve it. For you might have wrought much evil with your spells, William; and the laws of natural phenomena neither govern such antics as you once chose to indulge in, nor do they permit you a place or an existence in a planet where only the normal is consistently possible. Nature, which specifically abhors a vacuum, isn't going to tolerate any other kinds of unnatural phenomena. You produced several, and here you are! You pitiful, tenth-rate sorcerer! William, you disgust me!"

He reached up, twisted off a twig of sweet birch, chewed it, and meditated:

"Uninvited and unsuspected, you gave absent mental treatment to ten people—five men, friends of yours; five unknown and ornamental maidens whom you did not know. You saw these innocent young girls passing the club window; out of idle and devilish perversity, you sent impudent mental waves in their direction. Fortunately, of your ten victims, a kindly Fate has accounted for eight. They are married and happy. But, William, there are two remaining unaccounted for. You directed a powerful current of mental suggestion at Billy West, with the intention of instilling into that mild and inert youth a passion for pernicious activity—mental and physical.

"Now, that current evidently went astray, because Billy West remains unchanged It must have missed its object and been intercepted by somebody else. Who?"

Manners chewed his birch twig thoughtfully.

"Who? What person in the world do you hear of as exhibiting irritatingly strenuous activities in matters which do not concern him? To begin at the top, there's the Kaiser. That powerful mental current may have been intercepted by him, or by—by our own great ——"

Horror contorted Manners' features.

"Heavens!" he gasped; "is *that* the explanation? Does *that* account for it all? Has the greatest of all patriots and moralists and naturalists intercepted that errant current which I directed at Billy West? And has it double-charged him with an explosively Jovelike and omniscient energy which pervades every subject discussed on top of this intellectual hemisphere, from railroads to ruminants, from eels to Ethiopians, from sagas to cinnamons, from trusts to the nesting habits of the speckled tomtit?"

And, as he sat there on the top rail, the poisonous conviction settled upon him—like a horse-fly on a colt—that the greatest statesman who ever existed in America had received the full impact of the errant mental current which he had hurled at Billy West. Yes, that part of the great man's greatness was directly due to the reception and bottling up of this powerfully strenuous and stimulating current; what this human marvel had been was as nothing compared to what he would yet be, and do, and say. Railroads should tumble, ambassadors tremble, nations should be afraid, tomtits no longer misrepresented in scientific fiction, and the Ethiopian should be exalted!

Manners' eyes filled with devout and thankful tears.

"Heaven is still good to the Irish-Americans of Dutch descent," he murmured. "No other man could have endured and assimilated that current; the country would have tolerated no rival. To him that hath shall be given. It is all right. The country is as safe as ever. The fakir is doomed!"

Vastly, humbly, profoundly relieved by the solution of this anxious problem, Manners, in his relief and joy, slid from the top rail and frisked about the pasture.

He was very, very happy; he wove a garland of meadow-flowers and hung it around the neck of his cow. He went and got his harmonica and played on it, and the cow thrust her large, furry ears forward, listening in bovine amazement to her first serenade.

Manners talked to her—he had only himself and the cow to converse with, and he explained to her excitedly that he was now almost free from sin—that of the ten crimes committed by him only one still remained unaccounted and unatoned for.

"It was a girl," he continued vaguely, laying his harmonica aside on the grass—"a slim, freckled, gray-eyed, sweet-lipped young thing, coming out of her house, evidently on her way to the country for the summer. A legion of maids and butlers and second men and footmen danced attendance about her; some carried bundles, some satchels, some pet dogs and birds, some robes and traveling rugs. And, looking at her, so pretty and freckled, and thin and helpless to do anything for herself, I sent a good, strong mental wave straight at her.

"'Young woman,' I said, 'get rid of all those servants and learn to do things for yourself if you want your figure to look like a woman's and not like a boy's! Use your limbs and muscles! Go out into the fields and rake hay. Go and potter about in gardens, and trim hedges, and milk cattle, and feed chickens, and eat ham and flapjacks with maple syrup, and cook 'em, too, occasionally! Go and hoist up water in the old oaken bucket! It's full of germs, but they won't hurt anybody.' That's what I said," nodded Manners to his cow, "and I added my advice that she ultimately marry a farmer!"

The cow was now eating the garland he had woven for her; Manners observed the operation pensively.

"I believe," he said aloud to himself, "I really believe that my exile and isolation and social excommunication would cease, automatically, if only I could be absolved from that last sin of mine—if only I could be certain that my miserable interference had not changed and blighted forever the life of this gently-bred young girl.

"Somewhere—somewhere—this very moment she is probably raking hay, barefooted! She may be far too frail to endure such a life—endure ham and pancakes, and the smells of barnyards! She may now be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of pie!"

He dropped his head in his hands; all his light-hearted optimism had died out as he remembered what he had done to that girl, scarcely nineteen—a frail, unformed creature, utterly unfitted to endure the fate to which he had so flippantly condemned her.

The cow, having finished the garland, reproduced a portion of it in the form of a cud, and, gravely chewing it, regarded the dejected young man with gratitude.

"To think," he groaned aloud, "that I deliberately consigned her to this sort of a life! Somewhere, at this very moment, half dead with indigestion, she is probably frying a steak. Somewhere she may be hanging out the domestic wash, her slender body racked with a hacking cough. Or she may be dawdling by the roadside with some frowzy lout who is courting her, or she may be already married to a rural sovereign with chin-whiskers, whose proudest article of apparel consists of a pair of red braces which he displays at the Sunday dinner-table."

The picture evoked overcame Manners.

"It's awful!" he groaned. "I deserve all this. And, as far as I can see, I'm likely to remain in this awful place and milk this infernal cow unless I can find that girl and atone for what I've done by marrying her!"

He rose to his feet wearily.

"But to make her marry a man like me wouldn't be any atonement," he added. "If I did that I'd only aggravate my crime. Great Dingums! Will I ever be able to right the wrong I have done her and get away from that confounded cow and these dinners of carrots and prunes?"

For a while he pottered sullenly about in the garden, picking peas. He shelled them later, then dragged out an ironing-board and made preparations to iron the few shirts remaining to him.

It was a laborious task; first he usually burnt himself, then several of the shirts. Starch was a substance which he seemed to have no control of, for what, in a shirt, should have been soft and flexible, became stark and stiff as sheet iron, so that when he wore one of his self-ironed garments it was impossible for him to sit down.

He thought he might as well break in one for the evening, as he was obliged to stand while ironing; so he retired and invested himself in a shirt which seemed in condition to defy armor-piercing shells fired from the south front.

However, he rolled up his sleeves, seized a hot flatiron from the kitchen stove, and, spreading a damp garment across the wabbly board, began ironing away with courage and determination.

From time to time through the open door he glanced out across the pasture. Sometimes he saw a dicky bird, sometimes a butterfly, usually nothing at all except the view.

"Of course," he argued, but with a sinking heart, "this is too awful to continue. *Something's* got to happen: I'll either die of indigestion, or go mad and run into the tall grass, or—or find that girl."

He set his flatiron back on the stove, lifted another, tested it, and began to iron again. And as the smooth, hot metal slid over the bosom of the only shirt remaining still intact, he raised his eyes to see if there was anything to look at outdoors, and became aware of something darkening his doorway—a pink sunbonnet, and two gray eyes under it, and a nose with several adorable freckles, and the oval of a youthful face, and the sweetest mouth he had ever beheld—all at his kitchen door.

There was also a plumply-rounded figure in a gingham gown, and two sun-tanned hands as fascinating in proportions as the slim feet visible at the edge of the gingham gown.

Meantime his iron had imprinted a large burnt spot on the bosom of his best shirt, and the garment had begun to smoke.

But what did he care, staring there transfixed, ecstatically incredulous! The smoke from his scorching shirt mounted like incense from the ironing-board; the sunshine behind her sunbonnet spun a glimmering halo, turning the pink gingham to an aureole.

"The goddess—*ex machina!*" he whispered, jaw dropping in holy awe. Then, in the delirium of reaction, he flung flatiron and shirt into a corner, kicked over the board and the chairs supporting it, hurled the pan of freshly-stripped peas into the pantry, pulled down his sleeves and struggled into his coat.

Meanwhile the girl in the pink sunbonnet was running away. Manners ran after her.

II—EX MACHINA

THE girl was running very fast across the pasture! She took the rail fence with flying feet, gingham gown fluttering, keen for it as some slim thoroughbred. Manners rose grandly to the fence, clearing the top rail in spite of his starched armor, and away he galloped toward the young woodland after her.

"Don't run!" he called out; "I'm not mad, even if I was ironing shirts! I—I'm p-perfectly t-t-tame! I want to tell you something."

Whether or not she understood seemed doubtful; she cast one swift, keen glance over her shoulder, then, jumping the brook, sped up the opposite slope and, with the last remnant of strength, climbed into a maple tree, where she sat among the branches, flushed, breathing hard, her resolute eyes on him as he came toiling up the bank.

For a moment they remained mute, struggling for breath, watching one another. She had broken off a dead branch and held it tightly, one arm clasping the tree-trunk.

"Do you think me quite mad," he gasped—"just because in my joy at seeing you I kicked over that ironing-board and maltreated a pan of shelled peas? Oh, if you had only understood how I loathe flatirons and green peas! If you had only understood how long I've been obliged to eat my own cooking and iron my own shirts you would not have run away like this!"

She stared at him; slowly the flicker of fear became absorbed in the growing illumination of astonishment.

"Y-you were d-dreadfully abrupt," she said. "You did not appear p-perfectly rational. I had only come to collect the rent ——"

"The rent!"

"Y-yes. I'm your landlady."

Manners gazed up at her hopelessly perplexed.

"I rented that château from somebody named E. M. Barris," he said. "Are *you* E. M. Barris?"

"Yes. Ethra Millicent Barris. I live at The Towers. I—my father gave me some farms to play with on my birthday. I never expected to be chased up a tree by my tenant ——"

Suddenly, in the rush of relief, she dropped her stick, clasped the tree-trunk with both arms, and, laying her head against it, closed her eyes.

"Don't! Please, please don't!" exclaimed Manners. "I simply cannot endure to see any woman weeping up in a tree like that ——"

"I c-can't help it," she faltered; "I've got to. If—if I were not in such p-p-perfect health my n-nerves could never have stood what you've done."

"Do you mean my running after you, or the sight of me ironing?" he asked, mortified.

"B-both. Oh, dear—oh, dear—I'm so quivery and weak! I—I'd better get out of this tree before I fall out. I don't know how I ever got up here; I feel like a scared and whimpering kitten who has climbed too high and can't get back."

She bent her pretty head and peeped down at the ground between her swinging feet. The ground seemed very far away.

"Oh, dear; oh, dear," she said, bewildered; "it is my first tree experience, and I don't know how it is done! Do you?"

"A slow slide," he suggested, "is the proper method. You first grasp the tree ——"

"How?"

He waved his hands as though repeating a scientific formula:

"You first grasp the trunk with both arms and both knees; then, closing both eyes and clasping the stem of the tree firmly, you descend with a very slow and sedate slide."

"It—it isn't very dignified, is it?"

"It can be accomplished with dignity," he said. "Ironing shirts and shelling peas are not the ideals of manly sport, yet I managed to engage in both without loss of decorum and self-respect. It depends, not upon what you're doing, but upon your mental attitude toward your task. If one understands how to do it, one can stand on one's head without loss of dignity."

She seemed to be rather impressed by his philosophy; she leaned over, looked at the tree-trunk, and crossed her ankles.

"Ultimately," she said, "I shall be obliged to descend, and I may as well do it now. . . . Would you mind walking out of these woods?"

He started at once.

"B-but who is to catch me if I f-fall?" she added.

He came back.

"However, I must take my chances," she continued, looking fearfully at the ground; and he turned and started toward the open.

"And if I fall and am dreadfully injured, it will not be *my* fault ——"

He halted.

"—— It will be *your* fault," she said with tremulous vindictiveness, "for chasing me up a tree. And—I can't come down as long as you are there; I *won't* come down as long as you are not there. The problem, then, is how to get me out of this tree; and *I* can't solve it. Can you?"

He stared up at her for a moment; then clasped his head in his hands, struggling with the problem.

"The thing to do," he said, "is to use logic. Reason, not emotion, solves problems. Let us begin at the very beginning, if we are to find some sort of a solution ——"

"The beginning," she said coldly, "was when you ran after me ——"

"I beg your pardon. The beginning began with your running away from me. I couldn't have run after you if you hadn't first run ——"

"No, that is *not* the beginning," she insisted. "First of all I saw you ironing ——"

"Wait, please! First of all I *was* ironing, even before you saw me. Let us be logical and accurate, if we are going back to the fountain-head of cause and effect."

"If we are going back as far as that," she said, "let us go still further. To begin, then, you rented my cottage ——"

"One moment," he begged; "there was a cause for my renting that cottage; and, if we are going back to the real beginning of things, let us begin with that."

"I don't see," she said, astonished, "why your motives for renting that cottage could interest me, or have any important bearing on the problem of getting me out of this."

He stood very still, silenced—not by her logic, but by the sudden impact of a new idea.

Looking down at him she waited, swinging her crossed feet gently. She was no longer afraid of him or of her situation. She had, at his first word, recognized in him the sort of man she had been accustomed to. It had been only the mechanical and mental difficulty of stopping her mad stampede that had landed her up a tree before she even understood how she got there—a purely automatic flight, obeying physical impulse before the brain could telegraph "Stop!"—like a locomotive overrunning the station in spite of the brakes.

Almost from the first, looking down at him from her perch, fear had fled, leaving a faint reaction. Then calm confidence returned; she examined him leisurely, perfectly convinced of her safety.

And now she looked down from aloft with a smile almost friendly, encouraging him to mental effort.

"How to get me out of this tree," she repeated. "You got me into it. I can't come down if you're not here; I won't come down while you *are* here. You got me up. Logic must help me down. How is it to be done, Mr. Manners? Surely not by discussing the motives which induced you to rent my cottage."

"Yes," he said, "that is exactly the way to begin our logic."

"But that happened before you ever even saw me ——"

"No, it didn't."

She opened her gray eyes wider.

"Did you ever see me before you glanced up from your ironing?" she asked, surprised.

"Yes."

"When?"

"Early this spring."

"Where, Mr. Manners?"

"Coming out of your house on Fifth Avenue, opposite the Lenox Club."

"O-h! . . . Yes, I live there. . . . Where were you?"

"In the club window—hatching deviltries!" he said bitterly.

"D-d-deviltries!" she repeated. "W-what in the world do you mean, Mr. Manners?"

"I've got to go further back than that spring day to tell you," he said. "Shall I do it?"

Amazed at the pallor and desperation in his face, she took a firmer clasp of the tree-trunk and gazed down at him.

"Is it very awful—what you are going to tell me?" she asked.

"Very. Shall I?"

"No. Yes."

"*Shall* I?"

"No. Yes. I—if it becomes too dreadful for me to hear I—I'll tell you w-when to stop."

"Well, then," he said hoarsely, "I'm the most terrible kind of a man you ever heard of."

"O-oh!" she echoed faintly, but expectantly.

"I-I'm horrible, monstrous; I'm a menace to decency, a peril to civilization!"

"Y-you don't look it, M-Mr. M-M-Manners."

"That's the sickening part of it. I'm a decent-looking fellow. Don't you think so?"

"Y-yes."

"With agreeable bearing and presence?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"The sort, in fact, to whom you are accustomed in New York?"

"P-perfectly. I—anybody would be inclined to like you, Mr. Manners."

"Thank you," he said gloomily. "That is the awful phase of it. What I look like is one thing; what I am is this: A man once wealthy, now ruined; once popular, now feared; once innocent, now guilty!"

"Mr. Manners! *What* are you guilty of?"

He said: "Do you believe that it is possible for a human being to possess himself of infernal powers? Do you believe it possible that a man can, by mere exercise of will, project mental waves which are capable of moulding, modifying, changing, completely transforming the characters and desires of other people?"

"No!" she said breathlessly.

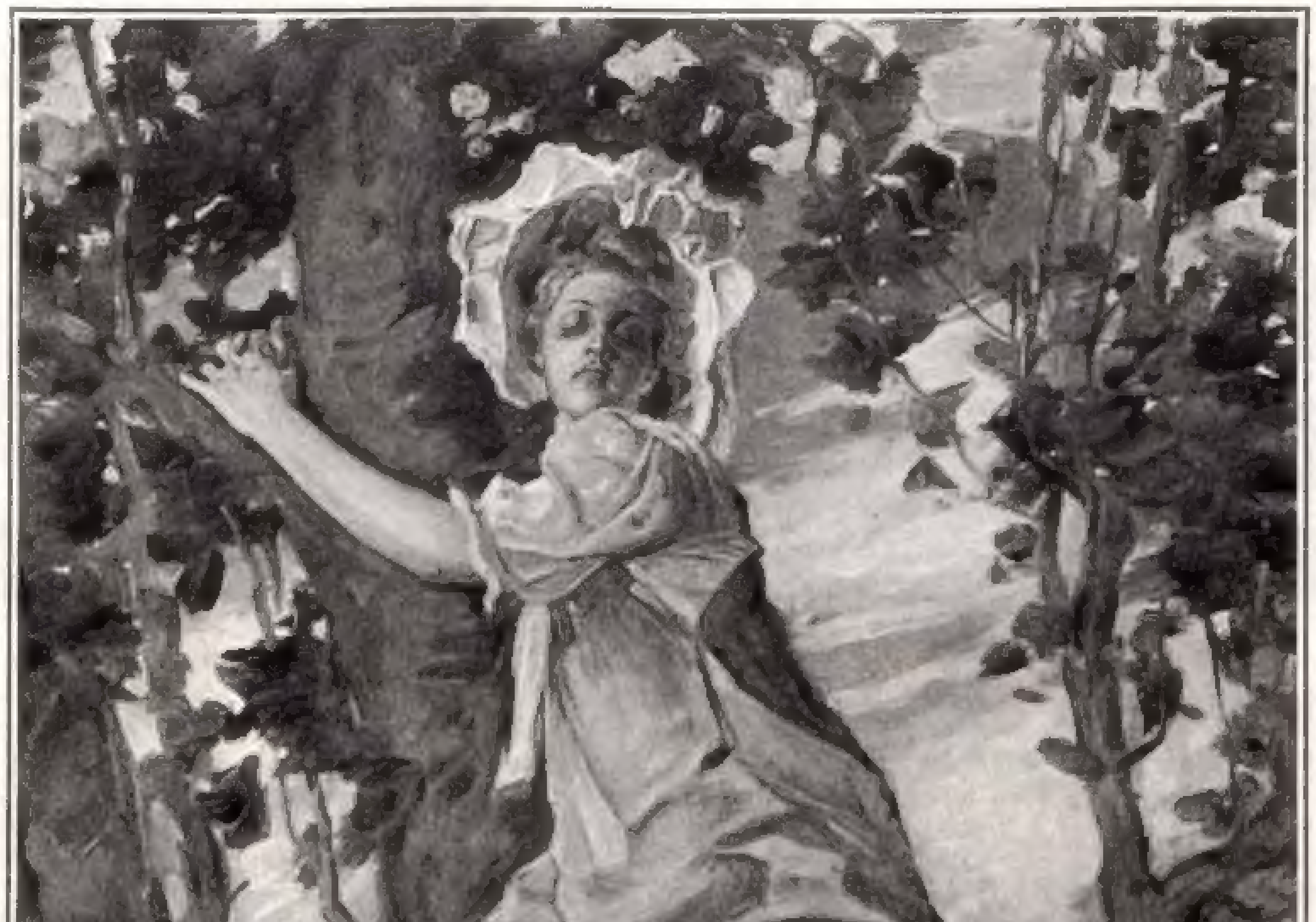
"Yet the fact remains that I can do, and have done it. Ten people, on whom I tried my first experiments, prove the statement. One by one I gave them absent treatment to correct deficiencies of character. They had not the slightest idea of what I was doing; indeed, five of them I did not even know by sight when I undertook their cases."

He paused, passing his hand wearily over his brow. The girl looked down at him, fascinated.

"Fortunately," he continued, "nine out of my ten victims have come to no harm through my villainous meddling. Indeed, strangely enough, they have found their heart's desires fulfilled through what I did for them—these nine victims of my hideous experiments. Heaven was indeed good to me, even in punishing me by sending me here, crushed, bewildered, penniless as I am, for I have found *you* again!"

"Found *me?* Again?"

"Yes. Listen to me, and promise me that you will not fall out of that tree in your amazement and indignation. Will you promise, Miss Barris?"



"I Have Found that it's P-p-pleasant to Rake Hay and Set Hens and M-m-milk the L-l-lowing Kine!"

She instinctively clasped the trunk tightly with both arms. "Yes, go on," she whispered.

"Then—do you ever rake hay, milk cows, shell peas, fry steaks? *Do* you? Or ever eat pancakes and maple syrup? Speak!"

"Y-yes; I do all those things, Mr. Manners."

"Did you *ever* do them before that day in early spring when I saw you entering your carriage? *Did* you?"

"N-no."

"Do you *like* to do these things—*now?*"

"Y-yes."

"Didn't you actually hate the very idea of doing such things before that day in early spring?"

"Y-yes."

"Then," he demanded solemnly, "why do you do 'em now? Why do you like to do 'em? Why do you now desire pie? Why do you digest it? Why are you physically healthy and vigorous and mentally wholesome and happy? Why are your arms no longer as thin as pipestems, and why are ——"

"Mr. Manners! *What* do you mean to convey to me by this very p-p-personal inventory of my physical and mental characteristics?"

"You know," he said gravely.

"No, I don't know. If— if you mean to try to frighten me into believing that you are responsible—that you—did—this ——"

"You know I did."

"I don't! I don't! I'm not one of your—your dreadful mental experiments, even if I have suddenly found p-pleasure in wearing pink sunbonnets and g-g-gingham d-dresses! Even if I have found—somewhat suddenly—that it's p-p-pleasant and agreeable to rake hay and set hens and m-m-milk the l-l-lowing kine!"

Pink-cheeked, defiant, she clung to her tree-trunk, facing him with tremulous courage.

"You didn't do all this to me!" she repeated. "I am not afraid that you did! You couldn't have done it, even if you had been wicked enough to try; you couldn't do it now, even if you tried with all your might."

"Tried what?" he asked gently, for the girl was becoming very much excited.

"Anything—tried anything on me—make me, in spite of myself, slide down this tree, for example! I—I defy you to make me do it!"

"Do you really challenge me?"

"Yes, I do! I don't believe in your powers; I won't believe in them. If you could exercise all kinds of powers, you wouldn't look so helpless and perplexed when I tell you to get me out of this tree."

"But—but you refuse to come down while I'm here, and you refuse to come down if I'm not here."

"Certainly I do!" she said tauntingly; "but that ought not to perplex a gentleman of such unusual and occult talents as you possess. Mr. Manners, the problem remains, I believe, to get me out of this tree. You have employed logic; you have gone back months to begin, logically, at the beginning. Now, if you please, either your logic, or your—ahem!—magic, ought to start me earthward. Proceed!"

He looked up at the bright, flushed face above; she returned his gaze out of her pretty gray eyes. Her mouth was maliciously sweet; the two freckles on her nose adorable.

"There's a way to get you out of a tree," he said. His voice was not quite steady.

"Thank you"—mockingly—"I am waiting to be wafted to earth."

"I want to ask you a question first."

"Dozens, Mr. Manners. Begin."

"You will not be offended?"

"I hope not."

"I mean if no offense is meant?"

"No. . . . What is the first question—before you waft me to earth?"

"Are you engaged to be married to—to—a farmer?"

"No.—I suppose, you do not mean to be impertinent."

"You know I don't," he said, looking her so straight in the eyes that a deeper tint of color crept into her tanned cheeks.

"No," she said slowly, "I know you could not be rude. What is the next question? You have the privilege of a dozen."

"Then—*would* you marry a farmer?"

"I—why—if I were in love—yes!"

"A *poor* one?"

She dismissed the financial aspect of love with a shrug of her pretty shoulders.

"I see," he said with a catch in his breath—"poor or rich, you'd marry a farmer, if you loved him."

She nodded, surveying him serenely.

(*Continued on Page 20*)

WHICH COLLEGE FOR THE BOY?

Princeton: The Collegiate University

BY JOHN CORBIN

PHOTO. BY ROSE & SON, PRINCETON, N. J.

Bird's-eye View of Back Campus

PRINCETON wrought confusion to its admirers, among whom I beg to be considered one of the most ardent, when it changed its ancient title of college for that of university. There are in America two types of institutions of higher education, which, if not mutually exclusive, have at least been hitherto highly antagonistic. These used to be called the small and the large college. Of late years they have been more accurately distinguished as the college and the university. One teaches the few subjects which are of general and fundamental value, the other many and diverse subjects highly specialized. One lays chief stress on manners and character, the other places its emphasis on the training of the scientific mind.

The distinction is vital. In this present day in America much stress is laid on achievement, not to say utility. Thoughtful folk everywhere feel the need of an infusion of larger and deeper ideals. No nation can maintain its eminence without a generous share of the faculty of doing things, but beneath and above this is the larger life of the spirit, which is more important than any material success, more important even than any intellectual success—for what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Only the inner spirit of manhood can raise the world higher and still higher. Once Princeton stood as the foremost of our collegiate institutions—Williams, Amherst, Dartmouth, and a dozen others. Now, in name if not in fact, it is one of the least considerable of our universities.

In any real sense of the word it is not a university, and it is not likely to become one. Whatever the term may have denoted in the Middle Ages, it was then, and has since been, characteristically applied to institutions giving thorough instruction in many, if not all, of the arts and professions. Its purpose was highly practical. The Master of Arts was no less a professional man than the lawyer and the priest, and before taking his degree was obliged to show that he was a master by teaching actual pupils. Our American universities are inspired by a thoroughly mediæval instinct, however paradoxical the statement may seem, in fostering the new technical as well as the old liberal professions. Princeton has departments of civil and electrical engineering and a graduate school; but together they do not include more than two hundred students. In the nature of things, neither can compete with similar departments in any one of a dozen American universities.

It is quite without other "university" features. It once established a law school and then abolished it—after achieving a grand total of seven graduates in six years. Hospital and clinical facilities being out of the question in a little inland town, it has not, and never can have, a local medical school. There is a Princeton theological seminary, but, as this is denominational, it is only affiliated, not an integral part of the institution, and is not mentioned in the university catalogue. It has no schools of music, architecture, agriculture, veterinary medicine or dentistry.

Princeton clearly recognizes its limitations, and, in spite of its assumed title, is consciously resolved not to compete on their own ground with other American institutions calling themselves universities. Judged merely by its assumption of a more grandiloquent title, in short, it is in the position of a small boy who endeavors to hoist himself by the bootstraps.

Its character is determined by its location—as is always the case with an institution of learning, at least in many fundamentals. In order to maintain any distinctive atmosphere and spirit, the University of Pennsylvania has a life-and-death struggle to resist the devouring force of Philadelphia, while Columbia fled for its life out of the heart of New York to Morningside Heights. Yale claims to be ideally situated in that it lives on equal terms with the city of New Haven, so that it takes what it needs from the world without surrendering its individuality, whereas Harvard is dominated by Boston. Princeton lies in a town which never would have existed except for it, and which is reached by a tiny spur of a railway that has its end—as it had its origin—in the college.

Down in the valley, beyond its gently sloping hill, one sees the trailing smoke of a great continental highway, but no sound of conflict reaches its Gothic halls. It lives secluded among green meadows and beneath blue skies. Nature has predestined it to the purity and the aloofness of collegiate life—a life that in one sense at least is monastic. As a leader in the Faculty expressed it, Princeton takes boys out of the world, dominates them for four years, and returns them to the world grown men, formed as well as nourished by their *alma mater*.

Its engines are two—an intellectual life centering in cultural study, and a social life centering in all the activities natural to a community of young men living in retirement from the world.

Princeton has remained true to the collegiate ideal of education which America inherited from the parent universities of England. Until 1870 the curriculum was fixed and set—as much of classics and mathematics, science, history and philosophy as could be taught to the average undergraduate in four years. All took the same studies, and no others were given. But the nineteenth century had witnessed a vast increase in the field of knowledge, and with it the introduction of the scientific spirit, which regards all learning as of equal value. Meanwhile the age of the undergraduate had advanced a good two years.

Under the lead of Harvard, which brought the elective system to its earliest and broadest development, though it did not absolutely invent it, our larger colleges gradually threw open all subjects to all men. The scientific spirit and the so-called university spirit grew up hand in hand. The Shakespearean drama and railroading, Renaissance culture and abnormal psychology, counted equally for the degree.

Princeton, like other institutions of really collegiate character, has consistently regarded the old subjects as of primary and preëminent value, in that they discipline the mind and enlarge the sympathetic imagination. The first two years are still prescribed. It is only in the junior and senior years—years of graduate study according to the old standards—that a student may choose his own courses. Even here election is subject to a wise supervision. Every man's subjects must be grouped so that each is part of a harmonious and inclusive whole. Having decided to specialize in classical literature or modern history, one cannot wander into bacteriology or the principles of English versification. For the underclassman the ideal is general and fundamental discipline; for the upperclassman it is wisely specialized individualism. First and last the college cultivates not science but the man.

As the elder curriculum was inspired by that of the English universities, so this development of specialization by groups is analogous to the modern English "honor schools." The analogy is imperfect, but it is tending to become closer.

Only a few years ago, Princeton introduced another English idea—the tutor, or, as he is called in respect to the local disrepute of that word, the preceptor. The departure is unique in American education, and bids fair to prove epoch-making. Our universities, inspired by the German system of seminars, reserve individual instruction for highly specialized graduate courses, the procedure in which is rigidly scientific, and the purpose of which is special research in some minute field of knowledge. Princeton teaches each pupil as an individual from the outset.

The main body of instruction, as at other American universities, is given by professors in large lecture courses, and the final degree is awarded on the basis of examinations in a fixed number of these courses. The preceptor's work does not count directly for the degree. His duty is not to coach his pupils in the subject-matter of professorial lectures, but to direct their collateral reading, and, by discussing it with them, to help them digest and assimilate it. His sole care is to make their education enter into their moral and mental systems, and so become a vital agent in developing their character.

Each preceptor teaches only four or at most five pupils at a time. As far as possible these are chosen from men of equal ability. Able and eager students, instead of being held back by the careless and the plodding, advance

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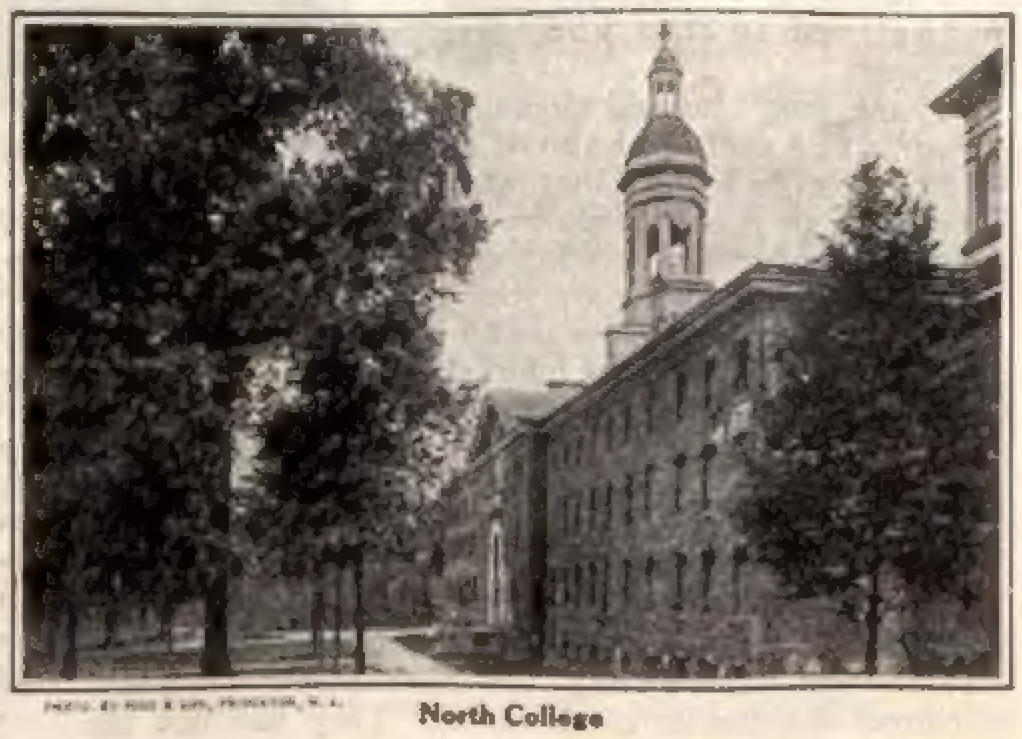
Blair Hall



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North College

PHOTO. BY ROSE & SON, PRINCETON, N. J.

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steadily and rapidly. Students of less ability, instead of being hurried over ground imperfectly scanned, master each subject as far as they go in it, and in the end make definite and substantial progress. One and all profit by close and continuous companionship, not only with their preceptors, but with fellow-students.

The preceptor loves to explore interesting byways of knowledge. At the time of the eruption of Mont Pelée, one had his pupils read Pliny's description of the eruption of Vesuvius; and at the time of the burning of San Francisco he turned with them to Tacitus' description of the burning of Rome under Nero.

The preceptorial system has been much ridiculed, and especially by Princeton alumni, who too readily confuse it with such tutoring as they themselves may have found necessary to weather the terrors of examination time. A very little reflection should clear their minds and restore their loyalty. Far from suggesting the intellectual nursery, the preceptorial system is in line with the most advanced educational practice. It does for the liberal arts, and in precisely the same way, what the much-vaunted laboratory method does for science.

The system has one questionable feature. In England one body of men, the tutors, give instruction, and another, the university examiners, award the degrees; throughout, the undergraduate is characteristically under a single tutor, who supervises his progress with intimate personal care. At Princeton, as at all American colleges and universities, the instructor in each course examines his own students, and it has been found expedient to give the student, not a single tutor, but a preceptor for every subject. In the two lower years he has thus many preceptors. In the two higher years, however, in which the studies are grouped, he has a single preceptor, who comes into a close and helpful relation to him, socially and intellectually.

The system would work much better, the authorities admit, if each pupil were in charge of a single preceptor through his first two, as well as his two later years. But, wonderful to relate, "university" education in America has been so specialized and scattered in recent decades that it is impossible to secure men of sufficiently general training to teach even a freshman or a sophomore in all his subjects.

The present examination system also is capable of improvement. It is not unlikely that, eventually, as the advantage of preceptorial instruction becomes manifest, the functions of teaching and granting degrees will be separated, as in England, so that the final result will depend, not in a multiplication of tests in detached courses throughout the four years, but on one all-inclusive examination. A possible loss in disinterestedness of preceptorial teaching, it is felt, would be more than counterbalanced by the gain in intellectual scope and grasp. The superiority of English scholars in writing books and review articles is in no small measure attributable to the honor examinations of Oxford and Cambridge, which require a man not only to have knowledge, but also the power to assemble it in coherent and convincing form.

Even in its present development, the Princeton system of grouped courses of study and preceptors is far and away ahead of any instruction in America inspired by a similar ideal. It is said to have worked a revolution in the temperament of the undergraduate that is all but incredible. Once to read, and most of all to talk of books, was to class one's self with that disreputable outcast, the "poler." To-day the library reports a fair increase in the number of books taken out; the campus by night shows many windows glowing with the lamp of study, and even at the undergraduate eating-tables talk of studies mingles with gossip of clubs and athletics.

In the graduate school for the first time one encounters the scientific or so-called university methods which have figured so largely for good and for evil in American education. Philology here takes equal footing with literature, and minute research with instruction. Teachers and taught gather in seminars, and theses are required for the degrees of M. A. and Ph. D. The more substantial part of Princeton's claim to be a university is based on the graduate school. But the department is small, both in students and in the scope of its instruction—a mere incident in the life of the institution as a whole. Efforts have been made to enlarge it. For some years a considerable body of courses was offered. But many of them found no pupils, and were very wisely and honestly dropped from the catalogue.

In its present normal development the graduate school is a graceful crown to the instruction of a college, but a very inadequate foundation for the larger title. The most interesting fact with regard to it is that even here science has not quite exorcised the humanities. A genuinely cultural atmosphere prevails, and the members live together in a community not dissimilar to an English college.

The ideal of undergraduate life at Princeton is organized democracy. Unorganized democracy is a spontaneous product, characteristic of communities too new for local spirit and concentrated traditions. It is to be found in many Western universities, in which the non-fraternity men rule—by force of numbers rather than by being representative of the best element in the life. Organized democracy, I take it, is the rarest, as it is the most precious, flower of civilization. It means that each has an equal chance for all desirable distinctions, and that prominence and power come to those who have deserved it. Social life at Princeton is one vast and effective democratic organization.

Simplicity of dress and manner amounts to an affectation. Corduroy trousers have their votaries. Sweaters are in vogue—sometimes, it is said, even at dinner. A student whose sweater showed traces of too constant wear and whose trousers were innocent of the art of the tailor, lately fell ill, and his preceptor, fearing that he might languish in neglect or be obliged by the lack of money to forego his education, appealed to sympathetic undergraduates of known solvency. They showed surprise until told of the reason for the good preceptor's fears.

"I guess there's no danger," one of them said. "If his father's trust goes bust, he can probably sell that big French motor car of his for enough to get well on and carry him the rest of the way through college." That son of predatory wealth had become a Princetonian not wisely, perhaps, but too well. Conversely, a poor boy of humble parentage may go to the New Jersey college and by mere virtue of character and ability do everything and be everything.

Princeton abounds in traditional customs which, whatever their origin, are cherished as a means of imbuing every undergraduate with a sense of his own insignificance and of the paramount duty of college loyalty. Rushes and cane sprees, though on the decline, are regarded as a means of fostering class spirit—not in the vulgar, worldly sense of social distinction, mind you, but in the esoteric, collegiate sense of the absorption of each individual in the class with which he enters and, it is hoped, will graduate. For class spirit is the nursery of college spirit.

PHOTO. BY ROSE & SON, PRINCETON, N. J.

Dod Hall

Freshmen are "horsed"—not because the sophomores take any unholy delight in horsing them, but in order to instill in their youthful minds a due sense of their inferiority. They may not turn up their trousers, wear colored socks or tan shoes. They may not smoke a pipe in public. They may not walk on the campus grass, or in front of the baseball grandstand. No matter how many of them are gathered together, if a sophomore approaches they must give way and let him pass, though all step into the mud to do homage to one.

Such customs go throughout the college course. If the sophomore in turn encounters a junior, he steps in the mud in turn. The customs with regard to hats and caps baffle reportorial curiosity. A mystic time comes in the life of every undergraduate when he can wear a Mackinaw blanket coat or a yellow slicker on the campus, and he is apt to do so whether it is hot or cold, wet or dry. When the precise day and hour arrive for assuming a new dignity, it is often marked by a peculiar and appropriate ceremony. Thus, when a freshman has finished his last examination in the spring, he emerges to smoke his first sophomorical pipe on the campus, and the sophomores—now juniors—assemble ironically to dust the steps with their caps as he descends.

Are such customs vexatious? Not a bit of it! If a freshman knows what is good for him, he takes his horsing with just the right combination of dignity and good humor, and, having found out what was good for him, he visits it on his successor. As for the less violent customs, he regards them with delight verging upon dotage; for are they not the essence of Princeton spirit, ever-present reminders that he is a Princetonian?

There may be superior people to whom all this seems a childish waste of time and energy. It must be admitted that it ill accords with the dignified intellectual life supposed—with what justification I shall not say—to belong to a university. In times past, at least, Princetonian tradition prescribed a mental as well as a sartorial negligee. A fellow would as soon cultivate dude clothes as individual opinions. Once a Harvard man was asked the harmless necessary question of what he intended to do when he graduated. He said that he would like to be a dramatic critic. A Princetonian present was amazed beyond belief. Down in New Jersey, he said, any one who confessed to such an unusual and highbrow aspiration would never hear the end of it. It is possible that the preceptorial system has put independence and intelligence more in vogue, but it is difficult to believe that the tiger has quite changed his stripes.

Certainly it would be a mistake to assume that stripes are not good for a tiger. Any university that values a vigorous and effective spirit may well envy Princeton. To take the most obvious test, in two of the three sports it has cultivated—football and baseball—it has maintained the highest level of success. Considering that the entire student body numbers only some fourteen hundred, as against three to five thousand in the rival institutions, this is an achievement of might.

Last autumn its eleven was light and fast: its only chance of success lay in having a hard, even field to run and dodge on. The weather was

(Continued on Page 25)

PHOTO. BY ROSE & SON, PRINCETON, N. J.

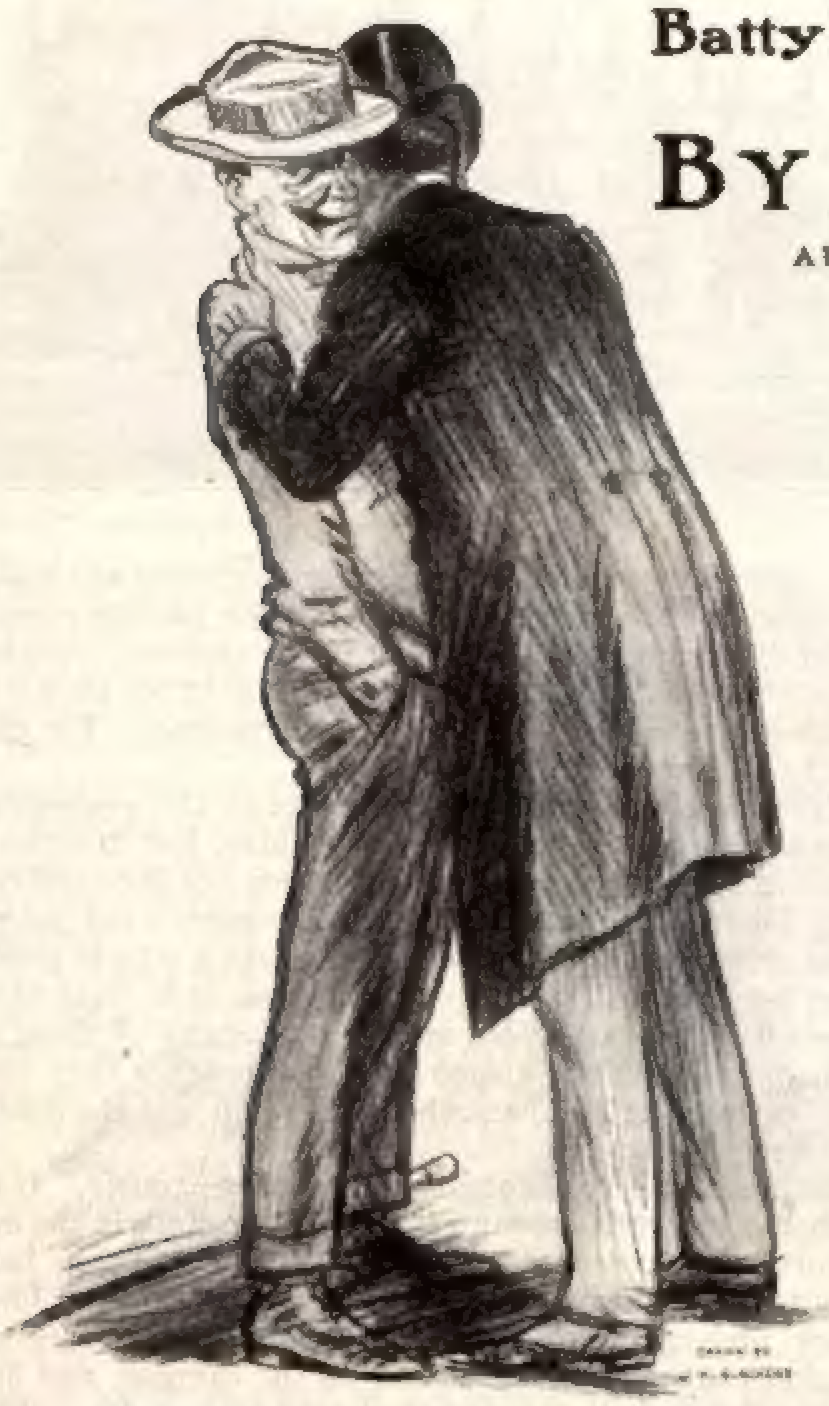
Gates

ENTER THE DUKE

Batty Logan Stakes a Rival and Plays at Providence

BY JACQUES FUTRELLE

AUTHOR OF THE CHASE OF THE GOLDEN PLATE, ETC., ETC.



"The First Thing I Knows He's Clinched with Me an' is Weepin' All Over Me Shirt-Front"

LED on by an occasional elusive glimpse of a red sweater, I wriggled my way through the throng after Batty Logan. It was just before the second race at Montauk track, and every square foot of the vast space in front of the grandstand held a little more than its just proportion of humanity—a holiday crowd. At last I came up to Batty.

"Hello, Beau," was his greeting. "You're just in time. I'm layin' me pipes to give the bookies the double cross in that third race. One crate o' lemons for them, all right, all right."

Having no definite ideas of my own to guide me, I was naturally cheered by this information.

"Something good?" I asked.

"A bunch o' plums, Beau," Batty declared. "I don't know how far we can go, but I think perhaps the limit ain't far enough. I got to see another man, an' then I'll wise you up. Let's go over and hire a couple o' Cabbagio Smellorinos. There's an awful odor o' tainted money in me pipes."

Leaning against the cigar counter, Batty eyed me quizzically for a moment.

"Seen Gert?" he asked.

"No," I answered diplomatically. "I was not quite certain that amicable relations still existed between you."

"Worse'n that, Beau, worse'n that," Batty grinned. "Of course, Gert is carryin' overweight in bein' Jim Reed's daughter. But she can't help it, you know. Everybody knows that Jim Reed's a crook, an' then some. But Gert? Well, say, Beau! All custard—every inch of her! You know when she did what she done about that Chicago ringer, she was takin' an awful chance o' puttin' Paw over the fence an' out, but she was certainly the jammy article with me. I suppose I've got to sit down an' hate somebody who saves me twenty thousand bucks? Well, I just can't stand to look at her—I do not think. Come on, let's go up there. Why, Beau, I ain't seen her for nearly five minutes!"

The second race was being run as we came out from under the grandstand. We paused to watch it, then started on to the box where the girl usually sat.

"How are you and Reed getting along?" I asked of Batty.

"Oh, we ain't never clinched yet," Batty informed me. "If we ever do, there'll be yaller feathers scattered all over this place, an' I'm here to tell you they won't be mine. As it stands now, he just permits me to live, same as I do him. He wouldn't hit me with a lead pipe, of course—so long as I could keep him from it."

"And what does the girl say?"

"Aw, quit your kiddin', Beau! You'll make me blush. I'm her wopsy-dopsy, all right, all right."

"That isn't just what I meant," I hastened to explain, in some embarrassment. "I meant, what does she say of the strained relations between you and her father?"

"Not a yelp out of her. She ain't wise a bit about keepin' her trap shut—oh, no!"

We were ascending the stairs of the grandstand when Batty laid a detaining hand on my arm.

"Oh, me gran'mother!" he exclaimed. "Just rest your glims on that a minute!"

I looked. In the box beside Miss Reed was a young man of striking appearance. He was of that pale, aristocratic type which one meets in the club and frivolous life of New York; and his attire was so strictly correct that it made him look like all the other young men of his station.

"Mamma's little boy," Batty murmured with a grin. "Beau, I'll just bet you seven dollars his name is Cecil!"

We walked on to the box.

"Say, Gert, you want to be careful how you leave this gate open," said Batty good-naturedly as he glanced at the young man. "It's awful windy—most anything is liable to blow in."

The girl turned and glanced at him warningly. The young man beside her cast languid eyes upon us once, then turned his back and resumed his conversation.

"Mr. Logan, this is Mr. Randolph Chatterton," said Miss Reed with frigid composure.

"Hello, Bud!" said Batty cordially. He turned to me. "Gee, I'd 'a' lost my seven dollars, wouldn't I?"

The pallor of the young man's face was relieved by a sudden flush of color. He didn't arise, nor did he offer me his hand when I was introduced.

"We was just discussin'," said the girl in a tactful effort to restore equanimity, "a winner for the third race."

Batty gazed at Mr. Chatterton in mock astonishment.

"Do you bet?" he inquired.

"Occasionally," replied Mr. Chatterton coolly.

Batty leaned forward mysteriously.

"Well, I'll tell you, Bud," he said; "you don't want to connect with no lemon in that third race, 'cause I've just been down an' fixed it up with the stewards."

Mr. Chatterton turned flatly in his chair and gazed at Batty for an instant—the frank scrutiny which one man bestows upon another when he does not fully understand.

"I suppose you *know* the stewards?" he asked at last.

"Surest thing ever," remarked Batty airily. "I know 'em so well they call me Bat an' I call 'em Stew." Again he leaned forward mysteriously: "I don't suppose you know I'm one o' the plungers down here? Last week I bet three whole dollars on a horse."

Mr. Chatterton arose, and his hands twitched a little.

"Shall I thrash this fellow, Miss Reed?" he asked quietly.

"Go as far as you like, Bud," urged Batty, still smiling. "Don't wait for her."

The young man turned his back upon us and shook hands with the girl.

"I trust I may have the pleasure of meeting you again, Miss Reed?" he said courteously. "Some time perhaps when we will not be interrupted."

The girl blushed and smiled under the hand pressure, and Mr. Chatterton stalked away. Batty stood gazing after him with the grin still about his mouth. My own position was rather uncomfortable. I was just about to make this clear to Batty when he turned to the girl.

"On the level, Gert," he inquired, "where did *he* get off?"

The girl's eyes flashed.

"My father brought him up an' introduced him," she answered coldly.

"Who? Jim?" asked Batty. He was staring dreamily across the race track. "I thought he'd went to Chicago?"

"He went back to the city just before the second race," the girl explained, with a strange, wistful glance at Batty. "He's goin' West at four-thirty."

"Oh!" said Batty, and grew silent.

Miss Reed turned to me.

"Ain't Mr. Chatterton perfectly lovely?" she demanded, with a malicious glance at Batty. "An' wasn't it awful for Batty to rub it in on him that way?"

I nodded. Batty came back to earth with a grin.

"Ain't he the Percy boy, though?" he demanded. "Did you pipe them manicured lunch-hooks?"

"Well, he sure is a gent!" declared the girl hotly, "an' he don't have to take any weight allowance from anybody on that."

"What beanery does he wait at?"

"He's a broker," said the girl.

"What does he broke in?" insisted Batty.

"An' he was just dyin' to meet me," she went on defiantly, heedless of his question.

Batty snapped his fingers before her eyes.

"Come on back!" he advised. "You'll miss your train!"

"An' he's handsome, too."

"Change cars for 'Steenth Street!" said Batty.

"Just like a—a Count or a Duke."

"The Duke de Ipecac from Ithaca! 'Wow, wow,' said the fox. Come on, Beau. Let's go scare up some doin's. I'm puttin' you on for fifty in the next race, Gert."

II

FROM her coign of vantage behind a huge bunch of American Beauty roses, Miss Reed peered down disdainfully upon Batty Logan and myself. A box of candy stood on the rail beside her and she nibbled at the sweets tantalizingly as she regarded us. Finally, in a burst of generosity, she dropped a bonbon into my hands. Batty eyed her with all the complacent pride and freedom of possession.

"Honest now, Gert, hadn't you rather have a nice scuttle o' suds?" he asked.

The girl favored me with another bonbon.

"*An'* some pretzels?" Batty insisted.

"I'm goin' out to dinner this evenin'," she said to me.

"Indeed?" I inquired.

"Yep, the Duke," volunteered Batty, grinning. "'Draw one in the dark—brown the buckwheats—Twenty-three!'"

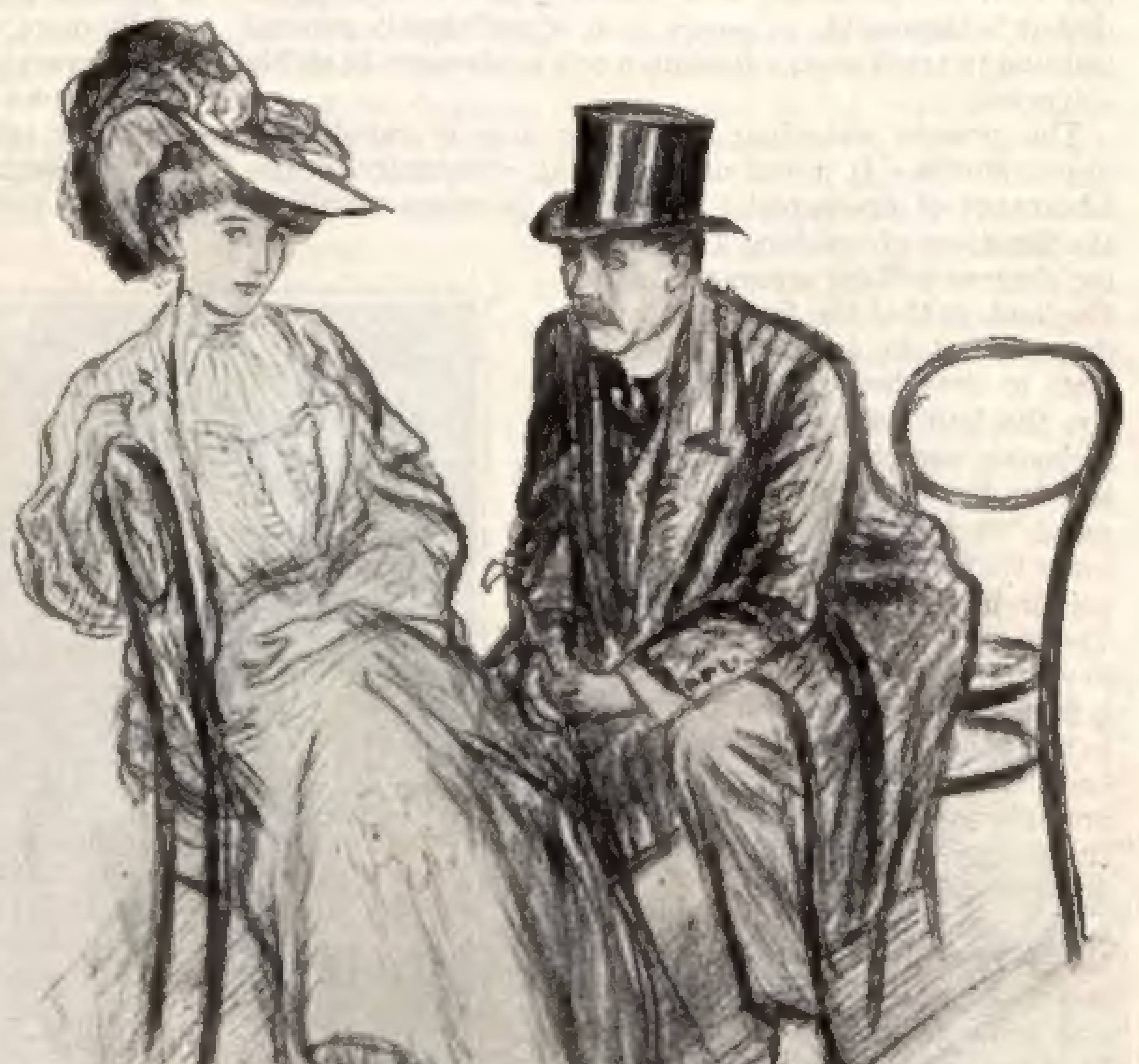
"At Delmonico's," continued the girl equably.

Batty turned to me with a quizzical smile.

"A dainty, delicate dish of tripe, à la pate de foy grass, with lots o' gravy on it," he remarked. "Honest, Beau, she's flyin' high, she an' the Duke—so elevated she can't reach up tall enough to hold an umbrella over herself."

"And what has happened to you?" I asked in gentle raillery.

"Me? I'm in the discard," explained Batty. "I'm the real original boy wonder when it comes to gettin' things—



In the Box Beside Miss Reed was a Young Man of Striking Appearance right in the discard. All I do is to bring Gert down in me buzz-wagon, skin off a measly five-spot to get her in, then cough up twenty-five more to plant her up there in the box where folks can see her. The Duke does the rest."

I looked at the girl accusingly. She smiled.

"Mr. Chatterton certainly is a real gent if I ever met one!" she declared.

"Well, cheer up—you're young yet," suggested Batty. "First thing you know he'll have your watch. I met a real gent once—the sort o' mutt who was so polite he used to fan his soup with his hat instead o' blowin' it. Wow, wow! What he did to me was a-plenty. On the level, the doctor had to take nine inches off my hindleg to get it back short enough."

"An' after dinner," the girl went on, "we're goin' to the opera."

"Oh me! Oh my! Oh mamma!" exclaimed Batty, in derision. "Now that certainly is my idea of havin' a good time—I do not think. A fat tenor hands you some words you never heard before, while another large man beats a bass-drum. Oh, me gran'mother!"

"The opera is Tannhäuser," continued the girl.

"Or Budweiser, or Pilsner, or some o' those. I tell you, Beau, these gurgle, gurgle operas are the works!"

"An' after the opera—supper at Martin's!"

"Oh, Lizzie Ann! That Duke friend o' yours must be a hungry guy—empty all the way up. An' after supper I suppose all he'll have to do is to step out o' Martin's, call his carriage, say 'Home, Jeems,' an' Jeems'll drive him right down to the city dump, eh?"

The girl was leaning forward on the rail with her chin on her hands, and her eyes turned dreamily toward the sky line, heedless of what Batty was saying. Here was the opening of a new world to her; a world of glitter and frivolity which she was to see under the guidance of one who knew it.

"I'll bet you have a peacharino time, all right, all right," said Batty after a moment, "if you don't care what you say. Where is your Dukelet now?"

The vision was shattered. The girl stared blankly at Batty for an instant, and gradually her face resumed the tantalizing expression which was always on it when she talked to him.

"Downstairs in the bettin' ring, pikin' a few thousand on Kermit in the next race," she answered.

Batty was instantly the man of business again.

"Kermit?" he mused. "What's the dope?"

"A telegram from father," said the girl. She was studying his face with serious eyes. "From Chicago," she supplemented.

"Did he say play Kermit hard?" asked Batty.

"He says he'll win."

Batty was thoughtful for a moment, then the leaves of his program fluttered rapidly through his fingers.

"Gee, Beau!" he exclaimed suddenly, "it's up to me to peel my lamps. Stay here with Gert; I'll be back in five minutes."

He had hardly disappeared when the gate behind the girl opened and Chatterton entered. I walked around, up the steps to the box, and for the second time was introduced to him. Repressed nervousness slumbered in his eyes, there was a marked jerkiness in his manner and his face was a little paler, even, than usual.

"What was the odds?" inquired the girl crisply.

"Two and a half, even, and two to five," he replied.

"How much did you put on?"

Chatterton laughed nervously.

"I—I plunged," he said, after a moment.

"On that tip you've got the money in your pocket!" declared the girl judicially. "It's the goods!"

So far as she was concerned all was calm and serene as an unruffled sea as we chatted on. But there was that in Chatterton's manner which held my attention. It was the nervous tension of a man who had wagered heavily, or else the excitement of the veriest tyro. I was still studying him when Batty burst in upon us. He, too, was excited, but it was a cheerful, optimistic excitement—the irrepressible youth of Batty Logan.

"Beau, it's a puddin'ski!" he bubbled. "If there ever was a real tapioca with shavin' lather all over it, this is it. Wow, wow, an' I nearly missed it! How much are you on, Gert?"

"Fifty straight," was the reply.

"Aw, come on! Let's climb on good," Batty urged. "I just been chewin' it over with Kermit's trainer—one o' them old guys who's been here since two weeks after the Year One—an' he's just as foolish as a fox! He says it's Kermit all the way, an' he ain't never handed me a lemon in all the thirteen years I been hangin' 'round."

"How did it happen," I ventured, "that you failed to have an eye on Kermit?"

"I tell you, Beau, I been so busy havin' an eye on Gert here, an' some other things"—he glanced at Chatterton—"that I forgot all about it. I was wise that Kermit was eligible, but he ain't run in so long I just forgot him."

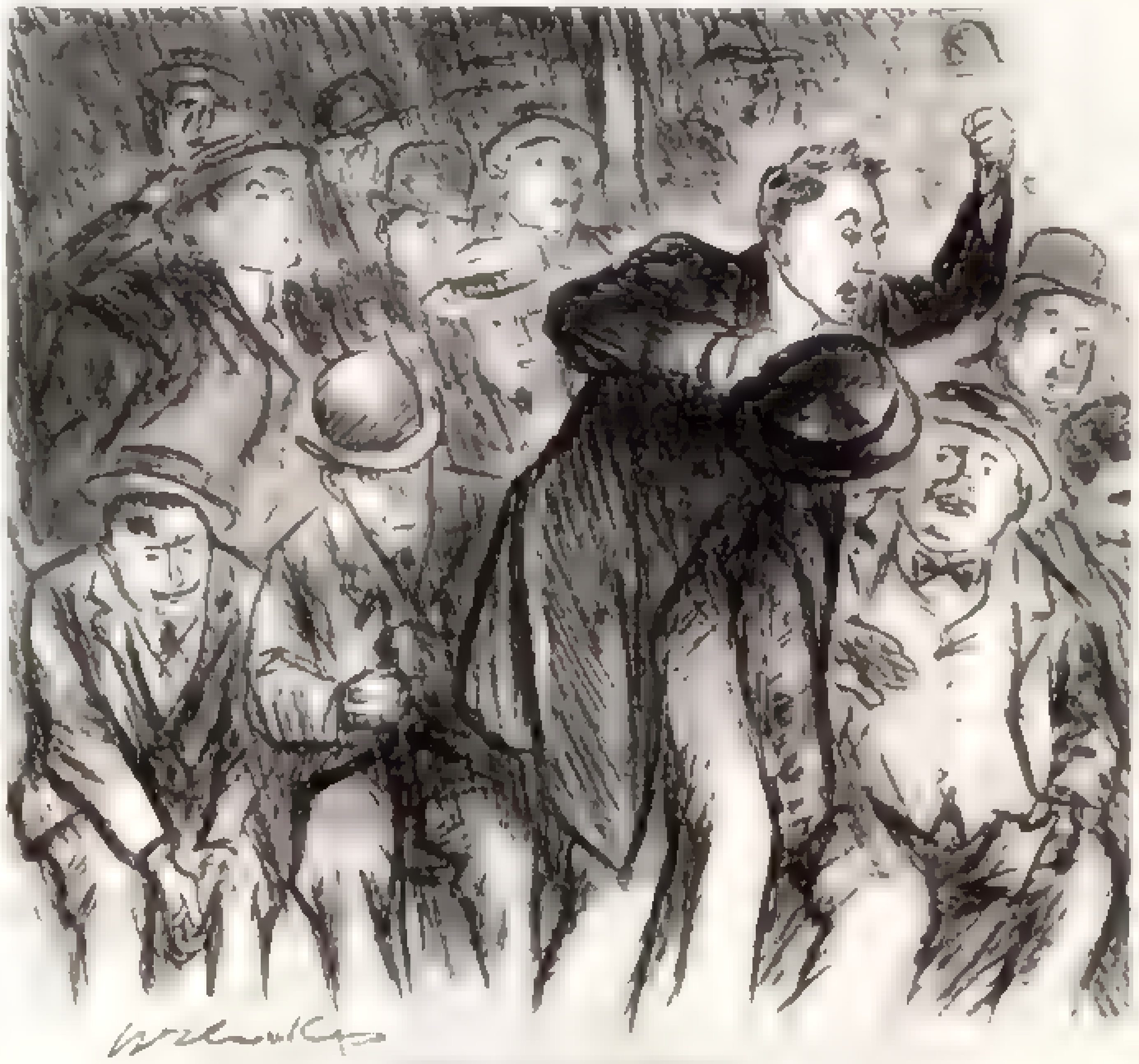
Chatterton was staring eagerly into Batty's face. All the resentment which Batty had deliberately aroused in him was forgotten at the moment; he recognized only the fact that he was talking to a master in the craft.

"Do you think Kermit will win?" he asked eagerly.

Batty stared at him curiously; it was a tacit recognition of the strained quality in his voice.

"Why, Bud," he said, not unkindly, "his picture is already in the paper, an' the stable boys are out behind the barn now shootin' craps for their share of the pick-up. Are you on good?"

Chatterton closed his lips tightly and nodded. Batty rushed away into the betting ring, returning after a moment to watch the running of the race. It was all over in the first three furlongs—Kermit ran clear of the field and was going away nicely when he stumbled and fell sprawling. The other horses flashed on past.



"Gloriana! Come on, Gloriana!"

The thing didn't mean much to me; I was wondering if horse or rider was hurt, and was gratified to see they were not. Then I heard a queer, guttural sound from Chatterton and turned to look at him. His face was white to the lips. For an instant his hands closed desperately on the rail of the box, then he sank down in a chair beside me.

"Well, Beau, it's all off!" said Batty behind me. "It would 'a' been a parade *if* ——" He paused a moment to stare down at Chatterton. "Brace up, Bud," he said cordially. "Was you stung hard?"

"Two hundred dollars!" was the reply. The tone told me it was a tragedy.

"Aw, two hundred dill pickles!" exclaimed Batty in disgust. "I lost five thou' myself. Let's go get a smoke."

III

THRUST forward from the sea of strongly limned faces in the second tier was the white visage of a young man. In his wide, staring eyes was the feverish glitter of anticipation, and of fear and hope and desperation. His lips quivered like a scolded child's, and he drew them fiercely against his teeth. The uncertain chin drooped cringingly, and his colorless, perfectly-kept hands trembled as they lay on the rail.

Straight down below him—a sheer drop of twenty feet—a great bunch of American Beauty roses nodded lazily on the rail of a grandstand box; and beside the roses were some bonbons. The top of a saucily beflowered and beribboned hat bobbed and stared up at him as the piquant figure of a girl moved about below. Once she laughed, but he did not hear, and several times she glanced about the grandstand, and out over the vast space in front as if seeking some one, but he did not heed.

His eyes were fixed, as if fascinated, on the flaunting colors of a dozen jockeys as they paraded past the grandstand for the start of the race; his thoughts were of an empty cash drawer to which he held the key. The race was to do one of two things—enable him to face an employer still as a man of integrity who had repented and hidden his sin, or it was to brand him to the world as a—a thief! A thief! Dishonor!

"Gloriana must win!" he muttered desperately. "She must—she *must!*"

His neighbor to the right turned and regarded him in high scorn.

"Gloriana?" inquired the neighbor. "Not a chance! Not a look-in! Marshal Ney wins this."

"Gloriana! Gloriana!" repeated the other. The tone was almost a prayer.

"What odds'd you get?" inquired his neighbor.

"Gloriana! Gloriana!"

The neighbor turned to the next man.

"This guy's got a loose lid," he remarked; and he laughed.

Here went the horses off to the starting post. There was Gloriana, that splendid, high-mettled mare with little Skeets Lewis up. Gold and green! Skeets Lewis! A great jockey! Gold and green! The insignia of a great stable! Gloriana! A great mare! He knew all these things—and his honor was at stake. Gloriana *must* win!

Through a mistiness which lay in his own eyes the young man saw the horses writhing at the post, saw the starter ascend the steps, saw the elastic stretched across the yellow, wrinkly track, and then he sat tensely silent with nails cutting into his palms. Suddenly the elastic barrier snapped, the flag swooped downward, there was the clangor of a bell, and there—there in front—*there* was the green and gold.

"Gloriana! Gloriana!" he screamed, and he leaped to his feet with hands stretched straight out before him. "Gloriana! Come on, Gloriana!"

Apprehension was lost now in triumphant man, the pallid face was flushed and the trace of a smile returned to the lips. There, still ahead, was the green and gold—and the master hand of Skeets Lewis at the throat-latch. Now, in the back stretch, he was easing her up a little. That was right, save her for the finish, because there is the scarlet of the Stacey stables—Marshal Ney—just a couple of lengths behind. Hold her there—just a length or so ahead—for the battle will come when they sweep into the stretch.

The coward's heart was bursting, the blood hammered at his ear-drums, his face was suddenly florid, hands shaking, not with fear, but with excitement. There they come now, from the back stretch into the turn. Gloriana still ahead—the green and gold fluttering valiantly, a brilliant, scintillating spot in the multi-colored string. And right at her haunches still the scarlet-topped Marshal Ney. It would be a bitter fight, but Skeets Lewis still kept that grip on Gloriana's bit; he would turn her loose in the stretch, and she would never be headed.

In the confusion at the turn there was a kaleidoscopic commingling of colors, then boldly, clearly, the green and gold flashed into the open for the home run, still with Marshal Ney hanging to her haunches.

"Gloriana! Marshal Ney!"

The shout went up from twenty thousand throats, but above it all was the scream of that one man in the second tier. Now, Lewis was letting her loose, inching out the taut bit-lines until she seemed clear off her feet. But grimly, doggedly the scarlet of the Stacey stables hung on; Marshal Ney's jockey had let him down now, and the two pulled away from the other horses. Still Gloriana—and Marshal Ney was put to the whip.

The keen lash whistled as it cut his flank, and he leaped straight forward. Then Skeets Lewis' lash fell on Gloriana and there began the last desperate struggle. On, on, for fifty yards in the same position, and then inch by inch the scarlet crept up.

"Gloriana! Come on, Gloriana!"

And now, within sight of the wire, Skeets Lewis' lash was rising and falling, rising and falling at every step. And still the scarlet came on, slowly. Now Marshal Ney's nose was at Gloriana's throat-latch—just ten more jumps! Just ten! Once more through the hubbub there was the scream "Gloriana!" then the horses flashed under the wire.

"Marshal Ney wins!"

A thief—a prison cell—dishonor!

IV

Batty Logan is speaking:

"Say, Beau, did you ever have a real gent with a pearl-colored necktie pillow his head against your manly chest protector, an' weep salt, briny tears into your vest pocket?

No? Well, you've missed somethin'. Yep, it's the Duke, an' it's a long, sad story. Oh, he just forgot that he wasn't a millionaire. Some o' these frivolous butterflies just naturally forget, sometimes, that they're workin' for twenty per, an' get careless about whose money they're spendin'. The Duke is a bookie in a broker's office, an' a good fellow at that, but—his fins stick to whatever happens to be in the cash drawer Gimme a match!

"Remember that Doctor guy who says a little while ago he could cure any evil tendency, or somethin' like that, by cuttin' out a piece o' a man's thought factory? Well, Beau, I'm here to tell you, if he'd ever did that to Jim Reed, Jim would 'a' been a minus before he was thirty. The Duke ain't as bad as Jim—no man can be an' live—but he just got so any old money looked good to him as long as the bookies'd take it. Oh, he's cured now, all right, all right! I cured him. But he got all me cigars soggy from weepin' on 'em.

"You ain't wise to the real innards o' the doin's lately, I guess? Well, I had me glims pried open with a crowbar that day the Duke lost two hundred plunks an' then turned handsprings about it. That was the day he had to take Gert to Delmonico's an' things. He takes her, all right, all right. I lends him the money. After his dough is down in the bookies' jeans, he says somethin' about bein' shy in that pot, an' asks me to cash a check for him. I done it; I'm easy! Yep. He took her to Delmonico's. I was there, too, but they didn't know—over in a corner behind the pa'ms bitin' my finger-nails off like the heavy in the third act. You know in all his life the Duke never come so close to gettin' a splinter knocked off his block as he did that night. His face was about three-quarters of an inch from Gert's an' they was buzzin' like a swarm of bees, while me—me—just restrainin' meself, as Lolla Dean Zippy would say, from rushin' over an' fellin' him to earth with one dull, thickenin' sud. Oh, mamma!

"Well, they finishes feedin' their faces an' the Duke nonchalantly, or somethin' like that, tips the waiter with two dollars o' my money; then they goes to the opera. Can you see me settin' up there with all me purties on, listenin' to Signor Spaghetti pourin' hot words down the neck of Fräulein Abernitchski an' chewin' up the backs o' seats an' things? Gert an' the Duke was about six rows ahead o' me, an', oh me gran'mother, wasn't he the works? When the cue come, he'd applaud nearly hard enough to mash a fly; then he'd buzz.

"I rode that race by goin' across the street sometimes an' hittin' up Jake Wolff; then Gert an' the Duke to Partin's, an' me still in the rubber shoes! By that time I was so full o' sawdust from chewin' up woodwork that I couldn't spit. Well, they had a covey o' broiled lives down there, an' some zizzy water, then he handed Gert into a bubble, an' she goes to her hotel.

"Oh, no! I ain't jealous! Ain't you noticed how playful an' kittenish I was aroun' the Duke? Well, I had to be. If I'd ever started a real man-talk with him I'd been bitin' his ear off in five minutes. But I ain't jealous! Oh, no! I just wear the smilin' frontispiece an' take the gaff, 'cause, if I ever let Gert know I cared, she certainly would take me over the sticks for fair. I had a button sewed on me trap all that time, an' every minute of it I was wise that the Duke wasn't on the level.

"Why didn't I tell her? Oh me! Oh my! Oh mamma! I'd 'a' been the guileless, babblin' infant to do that, now wouldn't I? All I'd 'a' had to do to queer myself with Gert for keeps would 'a' been to tell her I once heard of a man who had a cousin that thought the Duke wasn't all the aces. Me up in a balloon in a minute! I'm here to tell you, Beau, that the easiest way to queer yourself with anything that wears skirts is to tell her what a naughty boy the other fellow is. To them, that's just one degree worse'n beatin' a baby with a mallet. Aw, gimme a match!

"Well, anyhow, I cashes the check for the Duke that day, an' the next day, with great e-klaw an' some a-plum, I finds out it is as good as the Bank o' England—nit! The day after that—the day Marshal Ney win from Gloriana by an eyebrow—Gert gets the flowers an' the bongbongs, but she don't see His Nobs. *She* don't see him, but I butts into him down in a corner o' the bettin' ring, an', Beau, take my word for it, he's a wreck. His face was white as a scared ghost, an' his lunch-hooks wiggled so people thought we belonged to the same lodge.

"'Hello, Bud,' says I, not wantin' to rub it in on him about the check—just then. 'What's eatin' you?' I says.

"'I'm ruined!' says he, an', Beau, for readin' the line he had Irving up in a corner shoutin' for help. 'I'm ruined!' he says, like that.

"'Aw, quit your kiddin'! Quit your kiddin'!' says I. 'Tell it to me!'

"An', Beau, he loosens. It was all about gettin' dippy on Gert, an' flyin' high, an' gettin' over his head, an' thinkin' he could pull out a-winnin' at the track, an' all that. He got me hold o' both shoulders an' looked me straight in the glims, an' handed it over right. Naturally, I couldn't help it—'twasn't none o' my business; an' besides, I cashed his check, you know. He kept on talkin' sort o' low an' solemn, an' me tryin' to back away. Then his lamps begins to leak bad, an' he said somethin' about his mother—he bein' her pride an' joy—an' his sister, an' all that sort o' stuff. The first thing I knows me collar's tight; it sort o' brought a lump up.

"'An' you know what'll happen to me?' he says.

"'I sort o' suspect you'll have to make good,' I says.

"'I can't make good,' he says. 'I can't borrow it, I can't make it, an', until I get it, I can't replace what I took from the cash drawer!'

"'*Then* I sort o' suspect you'll get pinched,' says I.

"He gurgled somethin' about dishonor, an' bein' jugged, an' the first thing I knows he's clinched with me an' is weepin' all over me shirt-front. Oh, mushy mush! Gimme a match! Finally, I breaks groun' an' backs off.

"'How much are you to the bad?' I says.

"'Just three hundred bones,' he says, only he says 'dollars.'

"Then, Beau, me think-tank sort o' lit up. I had a thunk that was a bird, on the level. I leads the Duke away to a private room behind the caff, an' talks to him half an hour. He weeps an' slops aroun', an' then I leads him up to Gert. That was just after the fourth race, an' she hadn't saw him all day. Her eyes just sparkled when he appeared in the offin'. On the level, it made me want to bash him one. But we goes into the box.

"'Gert,' says I, 'the Duke is goin' away from here,' I says.

"'Goin' away from here?' she says, surprised, like that.

"'Yep, goin' away from here,' I says.

(*Concluded on Page [illegible]*)

How to Take Care of Nervous Capital

By William Lee Howard, M.D.

"BUT I can't understand it, Doctor. My ancestors were all of a hardy stock; no insanity, no nervous troubles. In fact, they were noted for their strength. One had the reputation of lifting a keg of rum and drinking out of the bunghole. Yet, here I am, only forty-five, and fear myself—fear that I am breaking down; that something awful will happen. After a few hours' work I go all to pieces unless I take a bracer, and it has come to the point where I have to take a drink every hour or so. But stimulants now unnerve me. What is the matter with me?"

"Ancestral habits, plus the rush and electric motility of the present generation."

"But my grandfather used to say that a glass of rum helped him. How's that?"

"The easy habits of your colonial ancestors did not affect them, but they have affected you. Your grandfather spent days on the top of a coach traveling through the fresh air. He received his mail once a week. He stopped two hours with care-free companions for his dinner—which was well cooked.

"What is your method of living? Express trains, trolley, telephones, wireless messages, electric-like lunches and the mephitic atmosphere of sleeping-cars. Every nerve cell in your body, controlling brain or muscle, is constantly at work at high pressure. The wonderful progress of the last twenty years will go on—none of us would have it otherwise—but here is the fact to be remembered: our nervous systems have not been able to adapt themselves to the sudden revolution. Or, in other words, we have not realized the necessity for that adaptation."

"But how about the thousands of comparatively young men like myself—must we go to the wall?"

"No, not if you will use a little of the brain-work on yourselves that you do on your money-making schemes.

"Yesterday a man of your age, a civil engineer, told me about the same story as you have told. He realized he was going to pieces; there was a strain on him that he could not account for by any inheritance; yet he rather boasted that his grandfather was a three-bottle man.

"Now, if this man was going to build a bridge, or any structure that was to be constantly under great strain, he would carefully see that every piece of material that went into the building of that structure was tested; that its genesis was known; that there were no flaws in the minute assembling of the complete whole. Furthermore, when put into use, its parts would be carefully watched and the strain taken from that wire or bolt showing a tendency to give way.

"He never thought to give the same care to his complicated human structure. He did not realize that the material of his three-bottle ancestor had undergone great changes; that the fibres handed down to him contained the effects of the strain his grandfather had subjected them to, and had been neglected by his father.

"It is a new meaning to the old advice: Man, know thyself. In modern terms, this means to know from what material you have been made; how that material was used before passing it on to you; then, study carefully where the strain is most liable to tell, and, after forty years of age, overhaul the mechanism and see that the weak parts are strengthened or relieved.

"Every individual is a law unto himself. These laws are the outcome of past activities and faults in the persons who passed on the germ plasm. This germ the everlasting life, contains the potentialities of the future individual. They cannot be altered or changed. The weaknesses, the wrong tendencies they develop, can be governed and controlled by a thorough understanding of their nature. It is here that we have such glorious opportunities for adjusting our children to this moving era.

"Our personality is a compound made up of many elements. These are played upon by drugs, disease, suggestion and, most of all, exhausted nerve cells.

"In the nervous breakdowns that are now becoming so frequent among the active business and professional men, the use of drugs causes more sad terminations than any other element. Medicines are not only absolutely useless in these cases; they are injurious. They are of as much value as would be a cord to strengthen a broken strand of a cable. It may do for the moment, but that is an awful, deceptive moment; the real weakness is not eliminated; the strand breaks and the whole structure falls.

"If there were wanted any proof of the absolute uselessness of drugs for the cure of nervous breakdown—that is, for the rebuilding of worn-out nerve cells—it could be found in the hundreds of so-called 'cures' that are daily put on the market. The despairing dupes try one after another until either the alcohol or morphine habit holds them fast in its fateful talons.

"Let drugs alone.

"You keep your business in a healthy condition by systematic supervision and a knowledge of its details.

You know the weak spots in its daily workings; you study these and see that they are corrected.

"Do the same with your bodily working force—the nervous system. Remember that the human machine soon gets clogged with waste material. You then become worried, and this is followed by sleeplessness; each of these conditions reacts on the other. Then comes the fear of self, the secret taking of some stimulant, either in the guise of a 'nerve tonic' or the honest drink of whisky. Now follows going to the doctor. He tells you what to do, according to his experience with men and the world. Too many doctors forget that, in treating a condition of nerve exhaustion, it is the man you must consider first. If you can treat the man the trouble will right itself.

"You asked me what was the matter with you? Well, in reality, nothing—I mean there is no disease—but you have depleted your nervous capital to such an extent that soon you will be living on borrowed force. Then follows a train of diseases, unless despondency takes hold of you—if so, then comes some reckless act.

"To keep from nervous exhaustion, to prevent breaking down to such an extent that living is worse than death, you should close your mental workshop two or three times a year, and see that your chemical bookkeeping of income and expenditure is readjusted.

"You close your shop or factory every year for inventory or repairs. Why cannot you take an inventory of your human workshop?

"You can; but you must do it before you have overdrawn your nervous bank account; for, when you have, comes worry. At this point, every little item seems to be a big affair; every business letter an important document; you are irritable, and cause others to be so. When the doctor tells you to get away and repair the worn parts, your condition prevents you from seeing matters in their true light and you let your human machine wabble on to uselessness; your friends and family throw you into the junk heap—the insane ward.

"Nervous breakdowns will not take place if the chemical outgo of the body is balanced by the intake. Keeping the body well balanced by normal sleep and proper food will enable you to do hard brain-work. Under these conditions worry will not trouble you. Worry is simply the mental message that you have poisonous material in your body.

"It is worry that kills; not brain-work. Barring real diseases and shocks—physical and moral—worry only comes through a bad physical condition, in a chemical sense.

"Your complicated human machine is clogged with ashes and cinders that you have daily neglected to rake out. You have not been careful to select the best fuel to burn up your waste material or to furnish nerve force as fast as it was depleted. You have been too busy selecting the best of coal for your factory—so that no power would be wasted."

"Please give me some details, Doctor."

"Well, the breathing of impure and vitiated air is one certain way of poisoning the system."

"But ——"

"I know what you are going to say: that you have your office well ventilated; that, once in a while, you force yourself to take—remember I said *force*—violent exercise."

Exercise at Forty Years

"THIS question of exercise, for a man of forty and over, requires individual consideration. I mean that what would benefit one man would injure another.

"As an example: Your doctor tells you that the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man. Now, given a man who has become extremely exhausted from overwork and who is not a horseman, and put him on a horse, and the mere nervous strain of natural timidity will use up force. To tell a man to go out and play golf, who does not care for the game, is very bad advice. The attempt to build huge muscles on a frame that never had any attachments for them is simply transferring nervous energy and dissipating it. False ideas of exercise are doing much harm.

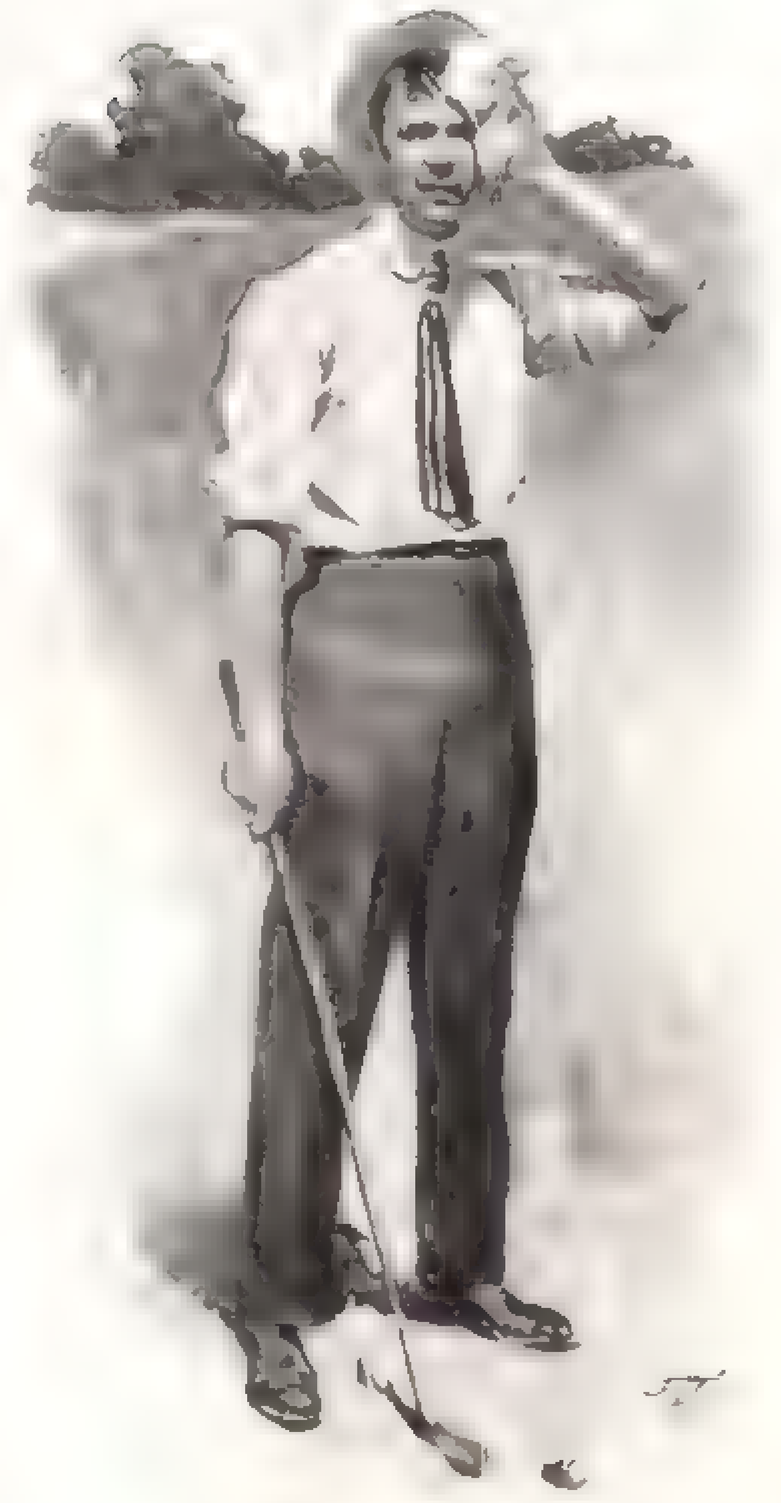
"Physical exercise is absolutely necessary for good health; but the exercise should be such that every moment of it is a pleasure and the daily ending of it comes with regret. When one exercises by the watch and heaves a sigh of relief as the task is done, then it is injurious—deeply injurious.

"A man should choose the exercise that gives him pleasure and fun, whether it is sitting on a mossy bank waiting for minnows to bite, reading in a hammock or shooting grizzlies.

"The object of exercise is to get fresh air into the lungs, and give the nerve cells a complete rest from forced efforts.

"A man should be a gyroscopic machine. That is, have two balance-wheels—brain-work and physical exercise—so that, when there is a tendency to fall to one side, the other wheel, set in motion, places him on the health level. But it is absolutely necessary that these gyroscopes act in unison and harmony.

"Never forget that the dead material is cast out by the skin and hair as well as by the lungs and other organs.



To Tell a Man to Go Out and Play Golf, Who Does Not Care for the Game, Is Bad Advice

"A short time ago, when traveling in the West, I took an express train one morning. I had slept the previous night in a hotel in the suburbs of a city where I had a restful night, due to fresh air. As I sat in the smoker of the Pullman a tired, cinder-covered man walked to the toilet-room. When he came out his eyes were clear enough to recognize me.

"'Glad to see you, Doctor,' he said. After a few moments of casual conversation I knew the question was coming.

"'What's good for nervous exhaustion? I'm afraid I'm done up.'

"'A better night's sleep than you've had.'

"'That's right; but how do you expect to get it on a sleeper?'

"'Don't expect to get it where there are thirty pairs of lungs throwing out, for me to breathe in, every kind of human poison—tuberculous germs, the by-products of bad whisky, foul emanations from unclean skins, and carbonic acid gas due to the fact that some attenuated old maid has to have all the windows closed.'

"All the modern inventions or appliances to keep pure air circulating in sleeping-cars will be of no avail until the passengers are assorted according to their habits, ailments and fads.

"Is it any wonder that so many stage people who have to be on the road night after night break down—resort to stimulants and drugs? It is not the stage work, not the one-night stands, that do the injury; but the constant intake of the vitiated air of the sleepers.

"My questioner got off about noon so that he could do his business in the town during the day, then take another poison ride at night, to get off exhausted the next morning. He could not find time to sleep in some small, healthful town to repair the damage to his system which the day's work had done."

About Smoking and Drinking

"'SHOULD I stop smoking?' or 'Does a glass of whisky hurt me?' are the questions frequently put by those who are commencing to live on their nervous capital.

"These questions cannot be dogmatically answered. A man who knows the effects of nicotine and alcohol from the laboratory side of medicine will give you a decided answer, but the man who knows things from the laboratory side of life realizes that the factor of individuality, its past and present habits, must always be considered. It is scarcely necessary to repeat the trite saying that all excesses are injurious, but what is excess to one man would only be comfort to another. If a man has been accustomed all his life to smoking, unless his condition indicates that the cause is directly due to nicotine poisoning, it is only aggravating his misery to cut off his tobacco. He should, however, cut down the amount. The same holds good about drinking, but in this matter he should never start the day's work nor keep it up on any kind of stimulant. At night a small amount of malt liquor is often beneficial, as it aids sleep, and this means repair to the nerve cells. But this advice should only be followed by those accustomed to stimulants. Fortunate is the man who has never acquired the habit.

"Food properly digested is a powerful stimulant—a natural stimulant. In a true physiological sense every organ of the body is a digestive organ. The brain receives impressions, and its digestive product is thought. Man is what he digests, mentally or physically. Hence man is what he eats and what he does with his food.

"Half the struggle of life is for food. Every living being is food for some other. The organs in our body struggle in rivalry for the food which the blood brings. Every form of nervous disease and death itself is caused by cutting off the food supply from some group of cells. Sleep is food. Bad cooking leaves a large amount of ashes and clinkers in the system which it is difficult to remove. Quick lunch—a meat sandwich washed down by a glass of milk—is like trying to fire a boiler with slate. Milk alone would be beneficial. The man who would keep his nerve cells from becoming exhausted should eat often and little when he is at work. In all these remarks I refer to the brain-worker, the business and professional man.

"He should eat slowly a well-cooked dinner at night, and, at bedtime, have a hearty but easily-digested meal.

"The fad cry that man eats too much is a false one—that is, for the man who lives on his nerves. He frequently eats too much at one meal, puts in more fuel than the human furnace can completely burn; but, as a rule, his restlessness and worry cause him to bolt his food and let too long intervals intervene between meals.

"To keep the nervous system in good repair the business man—I am speaking of the man of forty and over—should have an egg or two, soft-boiled, drinking at the same time plenty of water. He should eat this little meal about eleven o'clock in the forenoon and have a substantial luncheon at one o'clock; a bite or two after business hours, and a hearty dinner at seven.

"This method has, to my personal knowledge, tided many a man over the horrible restlessness during the exciting midday when stimulants were formerly necessary.

"These rules—the hours, of course, reversed—apply forcibly to night-workers—newspaper men. These should eat a hearty meal before going to bed. Sleep and food will give the nerve cells the energy they require for the next night's output.

"Never drink alcohol on top of a meal; it effectually stops digestion. If a drink must be taken, it should be just before eating, but only then when the day's or night's work is done."

Starting the Nerve Cells to Work

"NOTHING is of so much benefit in starting the nerve cells to eat and sleep as cold baths in the morning, or directly after arising. Just a plunge. If you have not been accustomed to cold baths, don't start in the cold months. Commence in the warm weather and you will find that the cold water in the winter will not shock you.

"Remember that, as a rule, dyspepsia does not cause nervousness; it is the other way about.

"This whole matter, if looked at from a practical point, can be seen to depend upon adapting our living to the rushing, hysterical speed era that is with us.

"The psychic demand for excitement to-day causes man to speed under the water, through clouds and over the earth. The ears hear nothing but the swish of seas, the roaring wind and clashing cloud storms, and the chug-chug of exploding gas. No circus can attract unless it has some death-daring act; something that will keep the nerves up to a pulling tension. The psychic mechanism of the human body has not been able to completely adjust itself to these conditions, and the many men who will not try to live in accordance with these changes drop out of sight—but not before giving the public a shock and warning.

"Our innate ancestral habits must give way to acquired individual habits. As we burn up more fuel, as we put out a greater amount of energy in a given time than those who gave us our nerve cells, so must we take in more fuel and give more time for our nerve cells to recuperate.

"Will the present generation do this? If the suicides, sudden deaths from heart stoppage, insanities and the drug wrecks point to any moral, it will. But still there goes on the reckless expenditure of man's only capital—nervous energy—which daily results in sad tragedies.

"In a certain sense this is a weeding of the unfit. But think of the wives and children left protectorless, and the bankruptcies caused by the men who, made money-mad by exhausted brains, see nothing but gold in front of them. Now follows what we see every day: the uncontrollable hands seize it and, with all moral sense poisoned, he decamps with his spoils.

(Continued on Page 21)

MAKING A NEW START

The Struggle on the Road Back to Respectability and Credit

BY BAILEY MILLARD

"Why Does the Law Punish Smith, Who Steals Ten Dollars,

And Never Lay Hands upon Jones, Who Steals Ten Millions?"

"I HAVE just been discharged from the penitentiary," wrote an ex-convict to Grover Cleveland, the other day, from Pittsburg. "Life looks pretty hopeless to me. You know my history. I want to make a new start. I can get a good business position by going to St. Louis, but I can't get there without money. Will you help me?"

On receiving such a letter many men would have said: "What can one do for a convict? This man is merely scheming to get a little of my money." But Grover Cleveland has all his life been studying men at close range and at long range, and he knows them. To be sure, he could see in this case that the man was presuming upon the fact that he had formerly held office under him while he was Governor of New York. He knew, too, that when this man was on the State pay-roll he had not been an exemplary character, and the fact of his having been imprisoned in a penitentiary in Pennsylvania was not the best kind of recommendation in the world. But the man was evidently trying to lift himself up that he might stand erect and share the teeming world of honest thrift with his fellows. It was a critical moment in his career. He needed help, else he might not be able to prove his recoverable nature. So Cleveland sent him his personal check for the amount asked for, and the man is now "holding down" that St. Louis job, his head high and his heart full of gratitude to his old friend Grover.

The business world often turns out "accidental criminals," as the penologists call them—good men gone wrong because of a moment's weakness while handling other people's money. Some of these men are sent to prison; others are not, but merely suffer a loss of position or credit. In any case, all they want is a chance to prove themselves worthy of trust—a chance to rise again to their lost places. To consider the lives of such men, to follow them in their struggles back to respectability and restored credit, is one of the most interesting of studies. Victor Hugo proved this in his vitally real character of Jean Valjean, who rose from the position of an escaped galley-slave to that of a wealthy and highly esteemed manufacturer and mayor of a thriving town in France, but was afterward remanded to prison.

What is the position of the community toward the Valjeans? The community's interest cannot be otherwise than in favor of them, for the reclamation of the criminal must obviously be to the advantage of society; but community pride and what some one has called "mob conscience" are always against the man who has served a term in prison. No matter what his inherent integrity may be, no matter though wife and child may weep for him, such a man's only hope for aid and eventual restoration to a place of trust lies in the individual—in the Grover Cleveland or the other generous man who, by lending him money or the use of his name, can "place" him and see that he is given a chance to prove himself and his honest intent toward society.

Society, in the mass, is the most suspicious, the most heartless, element with which any man who is down is forced to deal, for the reason that it has very peculiar and very contradictory standards. For example, the National Shoe and Leather Bank man who stole three hundred and fifty thousand dollars and served a term in the penitentiary, could not hope for business reinstatement in New York, though he had plenty of inherited money with which to begin again; so he went away and lost himself, and became, it was reported, a worthy and respected business man in a far-away town. Now, mark the nice standards of society: One of the greatest bank wreckers in American criminal history was permitted to remain a respectable citizen of the same town from which the Shoe and Leather Bank man was forced to flee. Because this respectable citizen never served a day in jail for a defalcation of six million dollars, he could come back from Canada after a short sojourn there and assume his old place—not among clear-thinking, discriminating men, but in that society whose standards are based upon the tradition that to steal and be jailed for it is a disgrace, while merely to steal is not.

But, here and there, one finds a Grover Cleveland—one of those men who, as a German philosopher has it, "thinks otherwise." One of such men is a good-natured manufacturer of Newark, New Jersey, who overlooked the fact that the bright young applicant for a position as accountant in his office had just been liberated from Sing Sing. The manufacturer knew the young man's father and felt that he was taking no serious chances. By dint of hard work and by leading an exemplary life, the ex-convict rose in time to the position of cashier of the establishment. The head of the firm who had trusted him became an invalid and retired from business, and the first act of the partner who had bought him out was to call the cashier into his office and tell him that he was dismissed from his position.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. N.," said the new head of the house, "that I cannot afford to employ men who have prison records. The business men with whom the company deals know about you, and I'm afraid it hurts us."

"Well," said the stricken man bravely, "you can discharge me on account of my prison record, but you can't take away the record of seven years' hard, faithful service for you and your former partner."

There was that in the man's tone which made the new head of the firm very thoughtful. He said he would consider the matter. The cashier is still in his cage, handling hundreds of thousands of dollars every year.

An Accidental Criminal

ALTHOUGH the traditional position of the community is all against the embezzler or other thief who has been in prison, there have been notable instances where tradition has counted for nothing. Take the William January case in Kansas City. Here was an example of a man who, like Jean Valjean, was an escaped convict and who, after gaining his freedom, determined to lead a worthy life; but, as in the pitiful history of Victor Hugo's hero, there was waiting for him, through all his years of liberty, the relentless hand of the law, ready to reach forth and grasp him out of the peaceful security of his home and thrust him into prison again. January was an accidental criminal. In 1895, when he was not more than twenty-one years of age, he was accused of a small peculation in an Oklahoma post-office. Immediately he was arrested and sent for five years to the Federal prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Sixteen months before the expiration of his term of imprisonment he managed to escape and, taking the name of Charles W. Anderson, he went to Kansas City, worked very hard, became a successful business man, married and had one child. During the first few years of his effort to gain and keep that respectability which is the touchstone of our peculiar civilization he lived constantly in the fear of discovery, but, when five years of honest and, in fact, model life had gone by and there had been no accusing finger pointed at him, and no sign had come to him from out the dead and buried past that the law's heavy hand might, as he had feared, be clapped upon his cringing shoulder at any moment, the nightmare of recapture no longer pursued him.

Four pleasant, prosperous years followed, when, out of a sunlit sky, the bolt which he no longer dreaded fell with crushing force, as it did upon Valjean, the respected and beloved mayor of Madeleine. A discharged convict who had known January in the Fort Leavenworth prison recognized him and demanded money for his silence, but January was not a weak man, and he refused to submit to blackmail.

"I don't want to have anything to do with you," he said to his former comrade. "Go away and leave me alone in peace. You can't hurt me, for I am an honest man."

"But your family?" said the ex-convict. "You don't want them to know, and you don't want your business associates to know. It would ruin you."

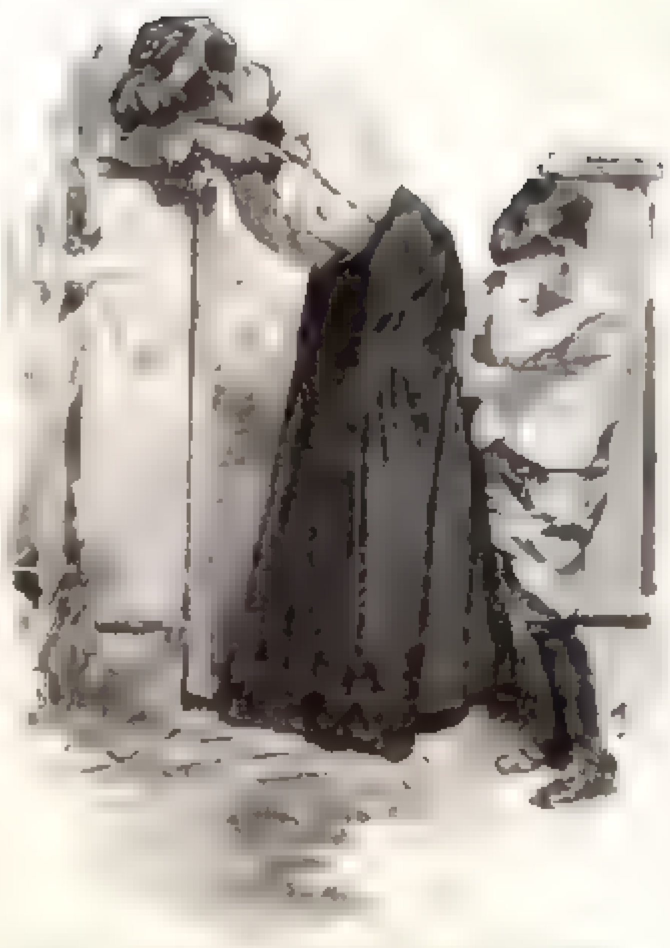
"Very well," said January, "let it ruin me. I'll not be blackmailed. Go and tell if you want to. It will profit you nothing."

It is more than likely that this answer was a "bluff," for January did not bear in mind the fact that there was a small reward for information that would lead to his recapture. It seems plain that he felt assured his old jailmate would not "peach" upon him.

But for the sake of a paltry sixty dollars, which was the amount of the reward, the ex-convict reported his discovery, though he did not receive the money, as it developed that it could be paid only to a citizen.

The two policemen who arrested January and took him to jail declared that it was the most distasteful task they had ever been called upon to perform, and, though the reward was offered to them, they would not accept it, affirming that such "blood-money" should never stain their fingers. The prisoner was remanded to the Leavenworth prison.

Meantime, the business men of Kansas City, to whom Charles W. Anderson's word was as good as his bond, took up the case and worked with the policemen who had arrested him to obtain signatures to a petition to the President for his pardon. Judges, lawyers, the Board of Trade and Chamber of Commerce, labor organizations and private individuals helped to swell the list of petitioners



Though Wife and Child May Weep for Him

or wrote personal letters to the President, asking for his release. The Legislature of Missouri adopted a resolution asking the President to exercise clemency. Even the judge who sentenced January to the penitentiary wrote a letter in his behalf, and the warden of the prison assured the President that further imprisonment would be an injustice to the man, who had proved his reform by nine years of honorable life under unfavorable conditions. Attorney-General Bonaparte, in reviewing the case in a memorandum to the President, recommended that January's sentence be commuted to three months from the date of his arrest, and that he be liberated at the end of that time—July 19, 1907. In his memorandum the Attorney-General said:

> I consider it very important to discourage attempts to escape among prisoners. As against this must be weighed the eminently beneficial effect of encouraging the real reformation of convicts. The orderly and law-abiding life of the petitioner cannot, indeed, be regarded as equivalent to meritorious service in the Army or Navy, but it is very desirable that men in a situation like his should have an inducement to lead such a life.

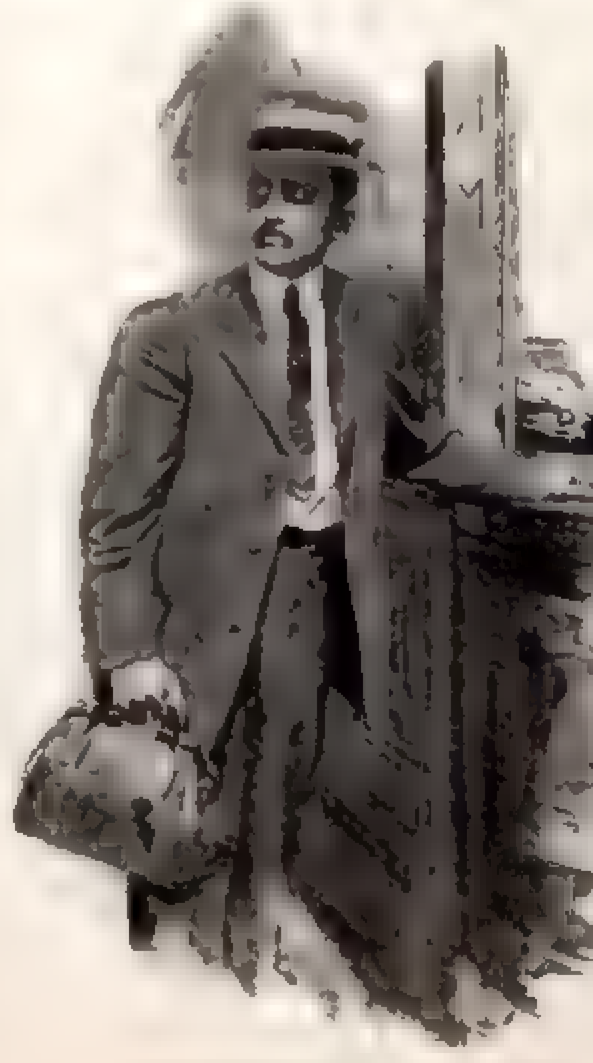
The President approved the recommendation and commuted the sentence on the terms suggested.

Mrs. Ballington Booth says that many men who, like January, have left prison thoroughly determined to lead honest lives, have lived down the past and have made splendid records, not a few of them having become brilliant successes in the business world, though nearly all have lived for a time under the fear that the discovery of their past imprisonment meant immediate disgrace and ruin.

Living down a reputation as a man who has served a term for embezzlement is more difficult for a person in the business world than it is to survive a known character for peculation where one is not punished for his crime. For example, one Chicago bank clerk stole nine hundred dollars and was sent to Joliet; another stole sixteen thousand dollars and was, on the plea of his father and his many friends, permitted to resign from his place without prosecution. When the jailed clerk was liberated it was impossible for him to secure a place in any business house in Chicago, and he changed his name, went to Seattle, and is a prosperous commission man there to-day; while, on the other hand, the man who robbed his employers of a much larger sum of money, but did not suffer the stigma of a term in the penitentiary, now holds a position of trust and responsibility in a real-estate office in the same city where he committed his crime. Strange as it might seem to a visitor from Altruria, our society is so constituted that the man to whom full punishment has been meted out and who, so far as the exactions of the law are concerned, has made requital for his crime, is more an object of dishonor and suspicion in all men's eyes than the man who has been let off and afforded another chance.

In *all* men's eyes? No. Here and there in the business world one finds a man who has faith in poor, weak human nature, and whose eyes are clear enough to see that those who have betrayed their trust because of overwhelming temptation may be helped to their feet, and may be so braced up as to stand erect in self-respect and fulfill all the duties that may be imposed upon them. These helpful, human men of great hearts and great souls are no mere sticklers for respectability. They are not mealy-mouthed creatures of cant. They know the world and they fully understand the fallibility of human nature. They are ready to say with the poet that

> In men whom men condemn as ill
> I find so much of goodness still,
>   In men whom men pronounce divine,
> I find so much of sin and blot,
>   I do not dare to draw a line
> Between the two, where God has not.



Good Men Gone Wrong Because of a Moment's Weakness While Handling Other People's Money

Such a man was A. S. Hatch, who helped to his feet Michael Dunn after he had served thirty-five years in prisons in England, Australia and America—the "man," as Dunn says, "who first took me by the band, who helped me to rise when I was down, who inspired hope in my breast." Dunn's reformation and subsequent rise constituted one of the most pronounced examples of what may be done even for a "hopeless" criminal when a fellow-creature puts his hand in his and says: "I have faith in you—let me help you."

The deeds of these unselfish men who risk so much to aid the one to whom the whole world is so ready to turn the cold shoulder are rarely recorded, for they are of the nature, nay, of the very essence, of that charity taught by the lowly Nazarene, and yet they are not so rare as one might think. There has come under my personal observation the case of a business manager who embezzled nearly one hundred thousand dollars from his employer, a New York multi-millionaire. The employer was naturally much wrought up at the time of the embezzlement, and he did not hesitate to prosecute the thief who had squandered most of his stealings in Wall Street and who paid the rest to the lawyer who defended him. But during the entire term of the man's imprisonment the millionaire cared for his dishonest manager's wife and family, and, as his sentence was an indeterminate one, he helped him out of prison and into a lucrative position in the office of a big surety company. One of the millionaire's friends remonstrated.

"Well," drawled the good-natured man of millions, "J—— is a really good chap at heart, his wife is crazy to have him home again, and, I believe, he has had his lesson."

Surely some of us will have to revise our opinions as to the hard-heartedness of plutocrats, if there are many such cases as this to be noted, and I am told they are not so very infrequent.

Leniency is to be found everywhere in business life, sometimes in the most unexpected of places. The other day I learned of the case of a man who had been employed by a big downtown shipping house in New York at a salary of five hundred dollars a month and commissions. He was about to be liberated from Sing Sing, having nearly served his term of imprisonment. A friend of his, who knew the head of the firm for whom he had been working, went to see the convict the week before the expiration of his sentence. The prisoner was not at all pleased with the prospect of his release.

"What in the world shall I do when I get out?" he cried, appealing to his friend. "I can't get a job anywhere—nobody will employ me. I may as well go and jump off the dock, and I've a great mind to do it."

"Look here, Andy," replied the whole-souled man, taking him by the hand, "you've got to brace up and look the world in the eye. If you'll do it and promise to keep straight I'll get your old place back for you."

"You don't mean it!" cried the prisoner, nearly breaking down under this strong show of friendship. "Promise? Of course I'll promise. But the old man won't have me. He'll never trust me again."

"Just you wait and see." The visitor went away and began a series of interviews with the "old man," who was at first unbending, but came around at last when on the day of his liberation the ex-prisoner was taken by the arm and led into the office, where at the sight of his old employee the head of the house advanced with extended hand and said: "Andy, glad to see you back. Our Havana agent is sick and is going to come home, and I want you to go right down there and take his place at your old salary."

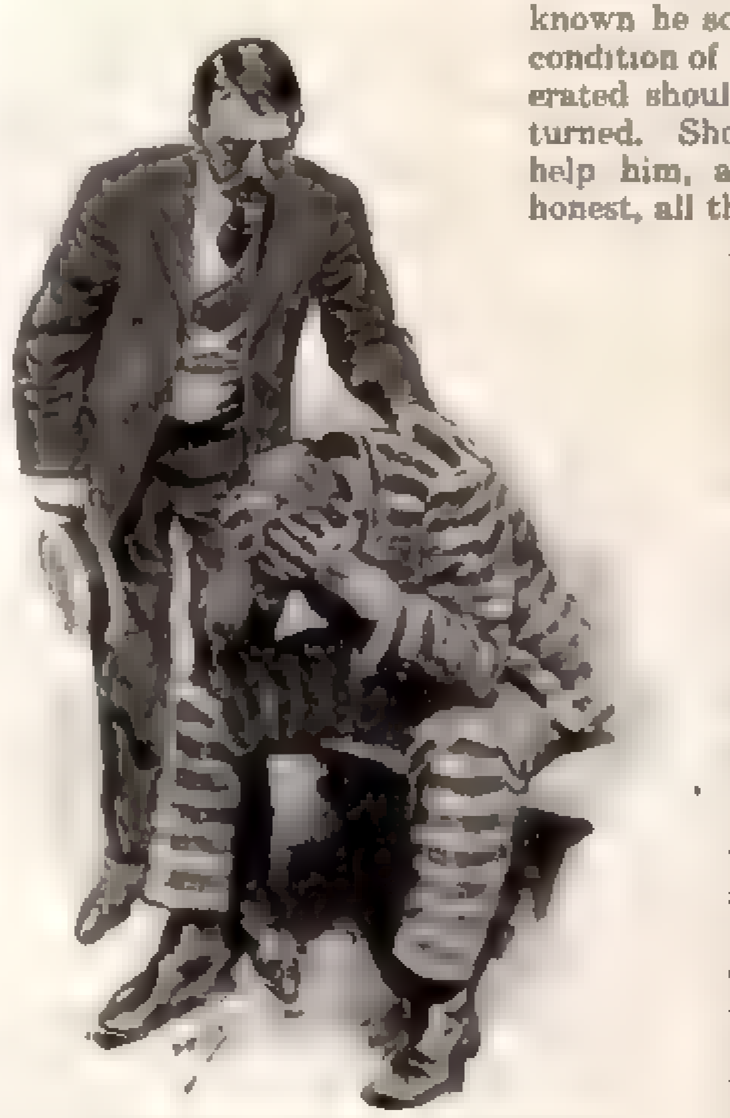
Such charitable employers are, of course, likely to be regarded by their business acquaintances as altogether "too easy," if not lacking in business sense. They "lay themselves open to be done up again," and all that. But the results of my inquiries in this peculiar phase of business life go to show that, as a rule, these broad-gauged men know what they are doing. If they ever have reason to repent their generosity they submit to the inevitable with good grace. It is all in the year's work.

Thomas Wright, of Manchester, England, who befriended ninety-six discharged convicts, securing work for them wherever it could be found, declares that out of that number only four betrayed his confidence. He trusted them all.

"In the case of all accidental criminals," he says, "and, in fact, save in the very worst examples, I feel that this may safely be done."

When a big embezzler—"a gentleman thief"—is sent to prison he will not, if he is merely an accidental criminal, permit himself to be degraded by his convict associates. If he makes acquaintances in prison he tries to bring them up to his standards. Often he is in the pitiable case of a man without company, for the hardened rogues are likely to shun him as much as he shuns them. He feels the disgrace of his position and he will not willingly yield again to the sort of temptation which has led to his fearful punishment. He wants to be honest, he wants to be trusted, and when, in his cheap, prison garb, he is allowed to pass out from the iron gates into the world of liberty, he goes forth, chastened and humbled, fully determined not only to justify himself in the eyes of men, but also to prove himself to himself. If he is brave enough to go out hunting a position in the town where he is known he soon finds himself in the condition of one to whom the refrigerated shoulder is being constantly turned. Should he find no one to help him, and still desires to be honest, all that he can do is to submerge his identity and fare forth to places where he is not known, there to work in humble positions at first and climb as best he can, unknown and unaided.

But, whether the world is growing more human and has a friendlier feeling for the man who is down, or whether the oft-repeated assertion of the press is true, that it is unfair to punish the smaller thief while the bigger one is allowed his liberty, I find a growing tendency on the part of the better classes of individuals to be more lenient with and more helpful to the man just out of the penitentiary—that is, if he shows evidences of a real desire to lead an honest life and to regain respectability and a place of honor among his fellows. The sentiment is often expressed nowadays by the observer of public affairs in such concrete terms as this:



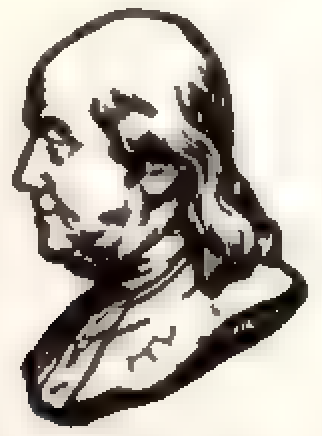
"I Can't Get a Job Anywhere — Nobody Will Employ Me"

"Why does the law punish Smith, who steals ten dollars, and never lay hands upon Jones, who steals ten millions?"

Of course, this observer of public affairs, like the rest of us, is running away with the idea that by escaping prison the men who steal large amounts by deliberately wrecking banks and railroads escape all the just penalty of their crimes. But, unhappily, or it may be happily, this is never the case, for crime itself is its own worst punishment, and where persisted in, even though the man who commits it may never spend an hour in jail, the results, as seen and felt in the nightmares of conscience, the pricks and pangs, or, on the other hand, in the coarsened sensibilities, mental degeneracy and moral putrescence, are such penalties as no prison can ever inflict upon the merely accidental criminal who is determined to lead an honest life.

So I say Grover Cleveland has made no mistake in helping men, as he has done, neither have the good people of Kansas City done other than right in asking the President to pardon William January. Indeed, I marvel that Mr. Roosevelt did not open the prison doors at once and let the manifestly-reformed and sufficiently-scourged January go free, instead of permitting him to remain three months longer in confinement. To be sure, the President felt that he had to consider the encouragement he would thus have offered to prisoners to break their bars and escape, but Mr. Roosevelt has shown himself to be a man large enough to rise above such conservative considerations. As a mere citizen I beg leave to suggest that, where prisoners break out of jail and into good society of which they become valued members, respected and esteemed, it were well to encourage an occasional escape from confinement.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST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For the Hague

TO KNOW how other people live, to help them live better, are strong motives in the Western World. To further these motives individuals in America and Europe donate many millions yearly.

This comes to mind in reading that King Leopold is thinking of transferring his personal sovereignty over the Congo to the European state of which he is the boss. Legal sovereignty over the Congo and absolute responsibility for conditions there rest with the thirteen Western Powers who made Leopold their steward. Could these nations be induced to try a little sociological and philanthropic experiment in the Congo?

The really pitiful thing about the Congo is that so much misery has yielded so beggarly a profit. A man's hand is cut off for a dime, for a quarter he is enslaved, for half a dollar his life is forfeited.

Out of all the woe imposed upon the black people, Leopold extracts a revenue about equal to that of a third-class stock-exchange operator or the president of a minor Trust. The population is nineteen millions, and the total exports only ten million dollars a year. The exact figures are: imports, twenty cents per capita; exports, fifty-four cents per capita; public revenues, thirty cents per capita.

To the thirteen Powers, the whole trade of the Congo, domestic and foreign, would be so infinitesimally small that only an expert mathematician could discover its trace in the sea of their wealth. And in the Congo are nineteen million human beings—black, of course, savage and ignorant, but still human beings. Suppose the Powers should agree to make the infinitesimal trade a mere secondary consideration and see what they could do for the happiness and improvement of the inhabitants?

The Hague Congress, having foregone any intention of usefulness, is doddering along in eminently respectable and utter vacuity. Could it wake up and say an interesting word about the Congo?

Two Ways to Kill Genius

EVERY little while there is a good deal of shouting in the critical magazines over the publication of a book of verse by some young man who is generally greeted by some such diverse titles as the new Keats and the American Swinburne. As a matter of fact, of course, he could not be both, and he is neither. What in these cases has happened is the recurrence of a now fairly well-recognized phenomenon. About every five years some immature person finds a publisher for his immature verse. It is generally the sort of imitations of the masters of the fervent school which every man who writes at all must write before he can clear his intellectual decks for individual action. But, because it is not often so unfortunate as to be published, its rare appearance impresses as a new note those critics who have themselves never committed the crime of verse, and the result is a hysteria of praise.

Such instances are interesting only because of the inevitable contrast which they suggest between the modern methods of reviewers and those which, in the day that produced Shelley, Wordsworth and Coleridge, made the fame of the Quarterly and the Edinburgh. The legend of Keats' end has become an accepted article of literary faith, and, even at that time, a great many writing-men believed with Byron that, just as a few harsh pages of printed words put an end to the physical existence of the author of Lamia, so the custom of meeting all newcomers with jeer and shillalah dealt death to the inspiration of many a possible poet and filled the land with Miltons mute.

Yet, though those were the days when the critic wielded a bludgeon, it sometimes seems to us that these are the days when he pours tea. Keats published his Endymion in 1818 and—in the mean time writing the other and, with one exception, only poems which entitle him to his high rank—did not die until 1821. In our time would he have survived any longer or fared as well? Had that narrative of the Latmian shepherd appeared in 1907, lacking the beautiful exordium and the Hymn to Pan, but otherwise its cloying and chaotic self, would its author ever have profited from such a Saturnalia of praise as now celebrates the début of a young Muse? Everywhere assured that he had already reached the height, would he, indeed, ever have struggled upward to the Ode to a Grecian Urn? One thinks not. There is, certainly, a middle and true course; but, lacking that, overpraise is about as fatal to young genius as ever was the knuckle-duster of Francis Jeffrey.

Everybody Wants Money

SECURITIES listed on the London Stock Exchange show an enormous decline. It was only recently that British consols dropped back to the extreme low price of 83.

Some good British souls find a melancholy joy in attributing this condition to the prevalence of radical notions in that kingdom; just as some, on this side, blame the railroad rate bill for the depressed state of our security market.

The simple fact is that capital is scarce and dear because the demands for it of late have been upon a stupendous scale. The world's production of gold the last four years—1903-1906, inclusive—amounted to a little less than a billion and a half dollars. M. Paul de Laveleye finds that, in the same years, securities issued in the United States, Europe, British and French colonies, Japan and Latin America, amounted to $15,650,000,000, of which $4,450,000,000 was for converting old securities and the remaining $11,200,000,000 for new capital.

This, of course, shows only one feature of the absorption of credit—that by way of issue of securities that are sufficiently important to get into a public record. A dollar in gold will support, say, ten or twelve dollars of cash credit; but the base of the inverted pyramid has not expanded in proportion to the strain upon the upper structure; and, if the pinch should continue, Mr. Bryan might disinter his free-silver issue for the next campaign.

In the eleven years since he first championed that unlucky issue three and a third billion dollars in gold have been mined, which is more than was produced in the preceding twenty-five years. Last year's production of gold was four times the average annual output from 1881 to 1885, inclusive. If it had occurred twenty-five years ago probably it would have set some shrewd financial minds to cogitating upon the desirability of demonetizing the metal.

Back to the Civil Life

THE condition of the Army is not satisfactory. The Board of Visitors to West Point finds fault with that institution because the training is too technical. "An officer," it says, "should be an all-around educated gentleman"—and not merely a person who knows his trade.

At the same time, Secretary Taft says: "The trouble with the Army is that there is not enough of it." Recruits come in slowly. Many of the men whose terms of enlistment expire refuse to remain in the ranks for another term. There are more desertions than one would wish.

If the Board of Visitors and the Secretary are correct, the failing, therefore, is both of quality and quantity.

It would be very interesting to see in how far the one failing might be made, on a sort of homœopathic principle, to cure the other.

If officers were all-around gentlemen to an even less degree than at present, and to a correspondingly greater degree were simply persons who knew their trade, then mere enlisted men might obviously hope to rise to something above the thirteen dollars a month and the chance to act as somebody's body-servant—which are about all the opportunities that the present system holds out to them. In that case the preference for civil life might not be so overwhelming.

Jackson, for example, was quite the opposite of an all-around educated gentleman; but, in the excitement of the moment, nobody thought of apologizing to England for his victory at New Orleans.

A Candid Tip on D. T.

WE ARE told that the international plans of the Dramatic Trust progress in a manner highly gratifying to the management. Yet we advise caution. Men said the same sort of thing, we remember, about the Hook and Eye Trust when they were bulling it, and everybody knows how disastrously that flattened out. If you are thinking of taking a flyer on the long side of D. T., pause, reflect, investigate.

Admittedly, the Dramatic Trust has a proposition that looks splendid on paper. Controlling nearly all the popular playhouses of the country, its monopolistic domination of the field is comparable to that of the Oil Trust, which controls about eighty-five per cent. of the product. Properly managed, it would be immensely profitable, and we should unhesitatingly class it with Steel preferred, Tobacco common and Diamond Match. We do not mean to reflect upon the integrity or good intentions of the management, but we do say squarely that the Trust is not conducted in such a manner as to reap the full benefit of its position, and, until it is so conducted, we cannot recommend it.

The Trust squanders thousands and thousands of dollars every season on plays. Only the other day Mr. Frohman returned from Europe and announced a list of dramas which he had secured abroad for the ensuing American season. For every one of those plays he paid money. Half a dozen, or possibly more, native playwrights live handsomely on royalties. Did you ever think whence these royalties come? They come out of the profits of the Dramatic Trust. At the same time there are scores, even hundreds of plays, which, as the copyright has expired, are to be had without one cent of outlay.

The plain truth is that the Trust is fatally defective in business intelligence. When we see it filling the season with grand revivals of Caste, Box and Cox, The Two Orphans and Uncle Tom's Cabin we shall feel much more bullish.

Dukes and Duties Compared

THE movement to make campaign contributions public gains ground in this country; but in England a proposition to the same end was promptly squelched by the House of Commons.

The English are right enough, too. They have an advantage of us in this matter, and, probably, do not wish to disclose it in detail.

In the fine old days of the Georges, especially the third of that illustrious name, when Parliament was managed by a comprehensive and almost open system of bribery, the Government's strongest lure was a patent of nobility. The more formidable, forward and honorable tribunes of the people were bought with a baronetcy or an earldom. Those to whom bags of sovereigns were counted out from the treasury were, in the main, of a meaner, less considerable sort. That crown favors are still pretty generally the reward of loyalty to party is evidently believed by the person who started the movement above referred to.

We never contemplate a fiscal report of our foreign trade without realizing how much cheaper it would have been if we had dukes in this country. Having no titles of nobility to bestow upon those who defrayed its election expenses, our Government has requited them in other and more costly ways. We believe that the iron interests would have stood by the Republican party quite as staunchly, with only half the present tariff, if Mr. Carnegie could have been privileged to sign himself "Pittsburg," put some strawberries on his cap and wear an opera cloak at public ceremonials. He would have paid for the cloak and strawberries himself.

As between a forty-five-per-cent. tariff and a set of people who call themselves by fancy names and occasionally wear mediæval clothes, the latter represent the less burdensome method of paying for party support.

The Hughes Mystery

THE Governor of New York excites more wonder at present than any other man in public life. Starting with the postulate that he wins with a two-spot, bewildered adepts attempt to explain an inexplicable phenomenon.

Two achievements have fixed his character as a freak and a mystery—the public utilities bill and the State reapportionment. There was need of better control of public service corporations. The Governor did not go to party leaders to find out how they felt about it and how many votes they would muster for this measure or that. He studied the subject itself and formulated a measure which seemed to him best suited to meet the public need. He refused to play politics to get this measure passed; vetoed no private bills to coerce the opposition; bought no votes with patronage; declined to surrender one feature in order to gain support for another; appeared indifferent to the effects of his course upon his individual fortunes or those of the party that elected him; simply laid his studiously-devised bill before the Legislature, which could adopt or reject it, as it pleased, and accept the consequences. With reapportionment, his method was the same.

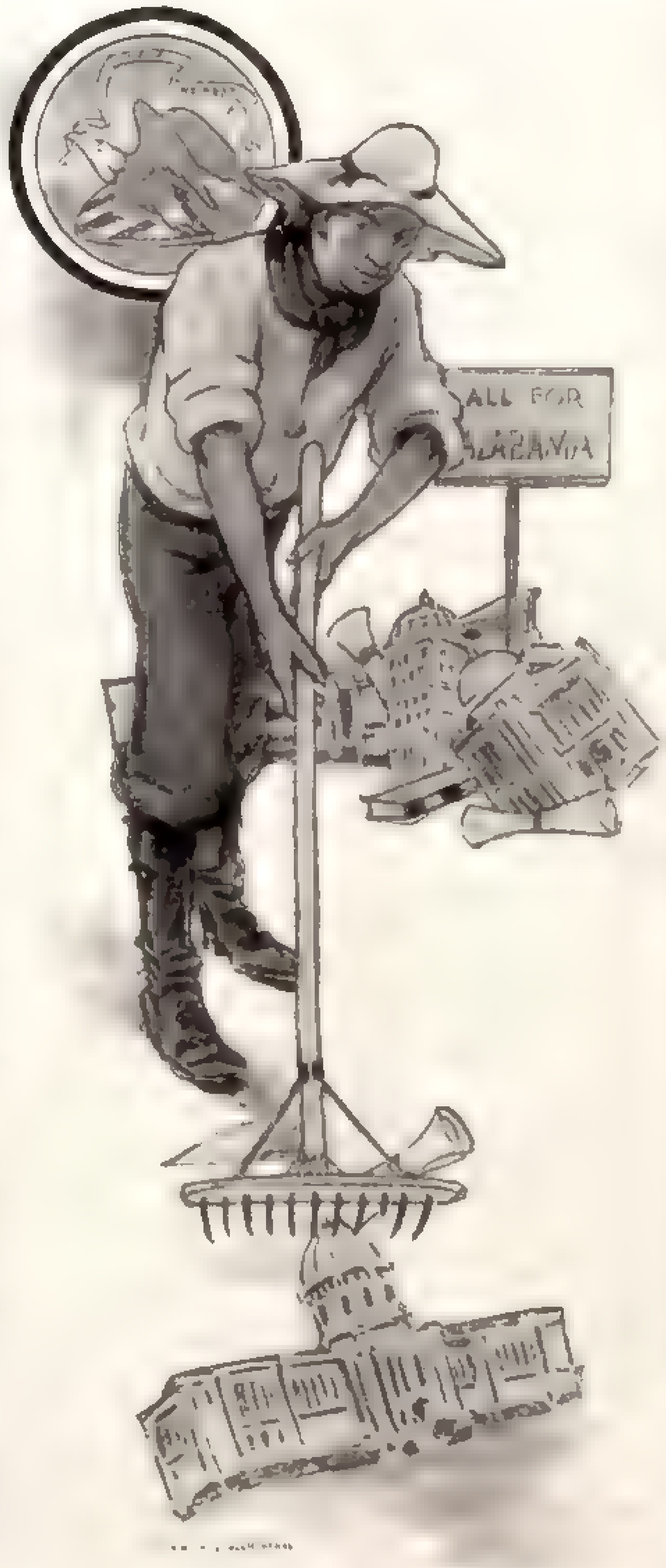
This is strange. Because, if any intelligent and fair-minded student of politics were asked to express the ideal attitude of a chief executive in respect to a measure of great public importance, he would describe a course identical with that actually pursued by Governor Hughes.

In theory, we comprehend and admire the academic.

To be more interested in working the problem correctly than in what one is going to get for it is understandable in a schoolman. In a Governor it is confusing.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great



The Alabama Affair

THE race is not always to the swift, we have been informed reliably, and that apothegm must have sunk so deep into the Honorable Captain Richmond Pearson Hobson, hero, within the past few weeks that it can't be pulled out with an electric crane.

You see, the Honorable Captain—now, stop fussing: he is entitled to both marks of distinction, for he is a member of the House of Representatives and was a Captain in the Navy—rather put it all over one John Hollis Bankhead, of Alabama, from which State the Honorable Captain also hails. It was this way: After Hobson had been kissed in every State in the Union and had discovered he positively could be of no further use to his country in the Navy—because he wanted to be of use to his country as a statesman, and there are no statesmen in the Navy, but quite a few politicians—he lighted on John Hollis Bankhead as his very own.

John Hollis had been gallumphing along in Congress for twenty years. He was not given to oratory, being troubled severely with congestion of the language, but he had other qualifications, as shall be revealed. He was a farmer, and all the farmers were for him. That meant pretty nearly everybody in his district. John Hollis went back to Washington year after year. There wasn't a cloud in the sky, not a leaf stirring. Suddenly, after the Honorable Captain had laid his plans, he hopped into the Bankhead district, and let go a flood of verbal fireworks that rather dazzled the farmers who had been standing by John Hollis all these years.

To Arms! To Arms! the Cry

THEY sent in a hurry call for John Hollis. He left Washington and went back to the district. Hobson was devastating it from one end to the other. He was calling on Congress to appropriate a billion dollars to build warships to repel the invaders from our shores. He wasn't quite sure, in his own mind, who the foreign invaders were to be; but he knew exactly where the shores were, and that was sufficient. He was willing to let the country off with a billion, although it was his private opinion that a trillion would be better, and he was quite sure that, if the citizens of the Sixth Alabama District would retire John Hollis and put Hobson in his place, there would be no difficulty in having a flock of this billion dollars' worth of invader-repellers built in the Tombigbee River.

The farmers of the Sixth Alabama rose to it. They liked the sound of the figures when rolled out by Hobson. Still, they didn't rise quite high enough on that particular occasion, and John Hollis went back to Congress. The Honorable Captain was not to be rebuffed. He girded up a few and began again. He devastated the district by night and by day. Wherever there was a handful of citizens he took them in his glad hand. He could talk; goodness gracious, but he could talk!—talk a bird out of a tree.

John Hollis' friends turned in another general alarm, and John Hollis came to the scene with all steam up. It was too late. The farmers of the Sixth Alabama had been hypnotized by the sound of those rolling billions, and John Hollis was defeated. He was retired to private life, as we say when wishing to speak kindly of a defunct statesman who is beaten out of his boots, and Hobson has his seat in the House.

Meantime, Alabama had two venerable Senators, both over eighty, but both so revered and loved that Alabama served notice on the rest of the country that Morgan and Pettus were to stay as Senators until they died. The rest of the country applauded, for nowhere were there two finer types of old-fashioned, sturdy, honest and capable lawmakers. Still, Alabama recognized the extreme age of these patriarchs, and it was decided to hold elections for alternates, so that, in case either Morgan or Pettus died, there would be a man ready to step into the vacant place.

John Hollis Bankhead, having nothing particular to do at that time, and being so accustomed to being on the Government pay-roll that he felt sort of lost without the salary checks, went into the race. He got the highest number of votes, entitling him to the first vacancy. When Senator John T. Morgan died, Bankhead was made Senator, and he will be Senator for some time, for Alabama is conservative about putting new men into the Upper House. Notwithstanding the frequently expressed opinion of members of the House of Representatives that the Senate is a graveyard, there are not a dozen of them who are not hoping to be interred there sometime; for, when you look at it in the calm, cold light of reason, a United States Senator has any Representative away in a back lot, out of sight.

If Hobson had not been too intent on getting Bankhead's job, he might have had Bankhead's job now—but, and again, but—as the late Mr. Whittier so aptly expressed it, "might have" weeps and is dissolved in tears when all the other words in the language are playing ring-around-a-rosy.

Any statesman of the present Alabama crop who steps into the Senate with the intention of trying to fill the shoes of John T. Morgan will give an imitation of a pea on a hot skillet that cannot be told from a photograph. It is not likely that John Hollis Bankhead is going with any such idea tucked away in his head. He has been in Congress for twenty years and he knows. What he will do is to go there and do the best he can, and the only way the future of a Senator can be judged is by his past—political past, of course.

What John Hollis Bankhead will do in the Senate, after he gets his bearings and the guides cease pointing him out as the successor to Senator Morgan, will be to continue those tactics that made him so justly popular in Alabama when he was in the House. John Hollis has the reputation of being the greatest procurer of pork for his district and his State who ever strayed north of Mason and Dixon's Line. His skill at it is almost preternatural. He made no speeches. He indulged in no fancy gyrations to attract the attention of the proletariat. He was a getter, and he got.

After he had found his bearings in the House and had carefully studied the situation, he discovered that, while the Committee on Foreign Affairs sounds pretty, it doesn't amount to much, for all the foreign affairs the House of Representatives has to deal with it can put in its respected and beaming eye. Other committees come in the same class. Where, asked John Hollis of himself, does the pork come from? Under what umbrageous committee-tree shall I find the most plums?

He soon discovered. There was the Rivers and Harbors Committee, making appropriations for levees and breakwaters and dredging, and all that sort of thing, and there was the Committee on Public Buildings, where originated all the fine stone post-offices and government buildings that ornament so many of our flourishing cities.

Directly on these spots John Hollis located himself. He secured appointments to Rivers and Harbors and to Public Buildings, and then he remained constantly on the job. Others might discuss weighty problems on the floor. John Hollis stayed in the committee-room seeking a way to get in an item for some town or some river in his district or his State. It was fine to engage in rapid-fire debate, but nobody reads the Congressional Record except the proofreaders, and all the folks at home could find an item in the county paper that said: "Our energetic and faithful Congressman, John Hollis Bankhead, has secured an appropriation for a new post-office building at the county-seat. Good work, John Hollis. We take off our hat to you."

Year after year he stayed at his post. Presently, Chairman Burton began to rely on him for all the River and Harbor information from the South. John Hollis always had information on tap. He could prove to the most stubborn Yankee that the salvation of Alabama lay in getting a few millions for new banks, new bottom and a liberal supply of water for the Tuscaloosa River. And as for public buildings, he got them for places that graduated from the crossroads class since the war.

The South is spangled with Federal buildings that John Hollis jammed into public-buildings bills, and many a dredge is working to help make creeks into rivers, and spending the money in the sunny South. When he learns the ropes in the Senate, watch out. There are reasonably handy men there, men who can hawk on to an appropriation from the top of the monument and hang to it until all hope of getting it away from them is past; but here comes John Hollis Bankhead, who for twenty years has been getting, where four times as many men as there are in the Senate wanted the same things, and it will be mere child's play to him. For John Hollis Bankhead is a getter—just that, and nothing more.

Fairbanks on Literature

SEVERAL years ago, when Vice-President Fairbanks was a Senator from Indiana, he went to a dinner given by the late John Hay, then Secretary of State.

After dinner, when the cigars had been lighted, Mr. Hay fell to talking of Lincoln, whose secretary and biographer he was.

Mr. Hay talked for an hour.

Mr. Fairbanks was much impressed. After Mr. Hay finished, the Senator from Indiana leaned forward and said: "Really, Mr. Hay, that was most interesting—most interesting. You should write a book about Lincoln."

The Hall of Fame

¶ J. Pierpont Morgan's cigars are exactly nine inches long, and cost as much apiece as a box of ordinary ones.

¶ Paul D. Cravath, one of the biggest lawyers in New York, would like to be a farmer if he could, but he's too busy.

¶ John Sharp Williams, the Democratic leader of the House, is deaf in one ear—when he wants to be. At other times, he hears fairly well.

¶ Walter Wellman, who will try to get to the North Pole by the airship route, broke his leg on one of his former dashes toward the Pole, and walks with a decided limp.

¶ General James B. Aleshire, the new Quartermaster-General of the Army, was the principal mule-buyer for the Government during the Spanish War. He bought thousands of them.

¶ William Loeb, Jr., secretary to the President, has aspirations for a business career, and will probably become president of a Washington street railway as soon as he leaves the White House.

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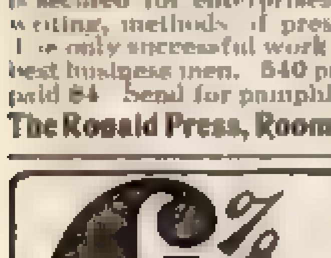

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YOUR SAVINGS

FACTS EVERY INVESTOR SHOULD KNOW

SINCE investment in the United States is becoming more widespread every day, it is important that the investor with savings should know as much as possible about the process which enables him safely to put out his money to work so that it will earn more money for him. If intelligent investigation is the first step toward safe investment, then it may be added that knowledge is its full sister requirement.

There is more than one large value in acquiring a knowledge of the various features of investment. It not only aids the investor in making a wise and profitable investment, but also it equips him so that he can firmly resist the ever-present and seductive lure of the "get-rich-quick" promoter who thrives on the ignorance of the great mass of the people with regard to financial matters. It is just like any business, for investment is a business, pure and simple. The very moment that some promoter tries to convince you that it is philanthropy, you had better begin to look for the gold brick, or for the swindle that is surely concealed somewhere in the proposition. If you were going to buy an interest in a business, you would make it a point to find out as much as possible about that business and its earning capacity. The same is true of investment and should always be borne in mind.

In articles already printed in this department the various kinds of bonds, their value and functions, have been explained. But there are still a great many things in connection with the bond business that the investor ought to know.

In the first place, it is essential to do business with a house of the highest integrity, because the integrity of the house is one of the best guarantees of the investment you buy from it. A reputable banking or investment house cannot afford to deal in bad securities or to advise its customers to invest in them. To secure good and satisfactory results for its customers is a valuable advertisement.

One interesting thing that the prospective investor — no matter in what part of the United States he lives — should know, is that modern investment, like modern banking, can be done by mail. To meet this requirement many of the great investment houses have established special departments for the service. The literature of investment (that is, of the best houses) is comprehensive and clear, and this, backed up by correspondence or personal visits of representatives, has enabled people, even in remote sections, to obtain advantages in the investment market. The right kind of investment banker will take a great deal of trouble to serve the long-distance customer.

"How Much Will the Yield Be?"

But no feature of the investment business is more important than the amount of the income derived; and how to figure this out correctly, especially with bonds, has been a problem for the investor. He naturally asks at the very start: "How much will the yield be?"

Since bonds form the bulk of conservative investment, the matter of their yield will be taken up in detail. A great many people make mistakes here, trying to calculate the yield of a bond by attempting to use the same process that they use in figuring out the yield of a share of stock. But there is a big difference between calculating the yield of a bond and that of a share of stock.

The ordinary method of ascertaining the yield of a share of stock is to divide the rate of dividend that the stock has been paying by the market price that you paid for it. For example, if the stock has been paying 6 per cent. and you paid 115 for it, the yield would be about 5.20 per cent.

When you come to figure out the yield of a bond, however, you must take a great many things into consideration that do not enter into the reckoning in the case of stock, and it is these things that cause complications when the layman does the calculating.

The two most important elements that enter into and affect the yield of a bond are:

(1) The fact that, no matter what you pay for the bond, you get the full amount of the principal when it matures. Also, if you bought the bond below par, it would make your yield greater than indicated by the face rate of interest.

(2) The fact that, in calculating bond yields, it is to be assumed that you will hold the bond until it matures.

Here is a concrete example: If you bought a 5-per-cent. $1000 bond, that had two years to run, at 98, the actual cost of the bond in money would be $980. If you tried to get the yield by the process of getting the yield of a share of stock you would find that it would be a little over 5.1 per cent. But, when you consider that you paid $980 for the bond and get $1000 for it at the end of two years, a cash profit of $20, it naturally follows that your yield will be more than the little over 5.1 per cent. As a matter of fact, it is really a little over 6 per cent. This yield is obtained from the table known as "Bond Values."

How then is this yield obtained? It is an intricate mathematical process, involving calculus. For the convenience of the investment business, and to save a great deal of time and trouble, official tables of "Bond Values" have been prepared. It is in the form of a handy little volume, the work of experts, and includes the yields by which all investment is made. The book contains the yields from and including 3 to 7 per cent. and ranging in time from one to one hundred years. These books are regarded as absolutely accurate and, on the authenticity of their figures, millions of dollars are invested every week. With slight instruction the layman can use the tables and find out any yield for himself.

In this connection it is interesting to emphasize a fact that every investor ought to know and keep constantly in mind: that *the yield on any investment, no matter what it is, is based on the amount of money you put into the enterprise*, not on the principal, as, for example, the principal of a bond.

Buying on the Installment Plan

Many people with savings have an idea that they must wait until they get $500 before they can buy a bond. They are mistaken. Along with the organization of the modern business of investment there has come a plan of selling bonds on what might be called the installment plan. It is just like going down to a department store in your town and buying a suite of furniture "on time." You pay a certain amount down and the rest in installments. Meanwhile, you own the furniture. So with bonds, but with this exception — the banker or investment dealer lends you the money to buy the bond — that is, lends you the difference between the amount you pay down and the total cost. For this money that he lends he charges the current rate of interest. All the while, you own the bond or bonds and you are entitled to the interest that comes due on the security. In most cases this interest is ample to pay the interest on the money you borrow from the investment house.

The usual method is for the investor to pay down from ten to twenty per cent. of the amount of the investment and the rest in monthly, quarterly or semi-annual installments. If, at any time, the investor, by the sudden or unexpected acquirement of money, desires to pay the entire cost of the securities, he can do so. On the other hand, if, for some reason, he wants to give up the investment and close the account, the bond or security can be sold at the best market price, and thus the investor is fairly sure not to lose by the transaction.

This method of investing illustrates a commendable feature of the modern investment business, and that is that no investment is too small or too remote for the investment house to go after. Besides, there is much competition in the business. As much trouble is sometimes taken to sell a $500 bond to a Kansas school-teacher with savings as to land $100,000 worth of securities with a New York capitalist.

This fact alone should encourage the great mass of the people to save, as only by saving will you ever be able to invest. You can start a savings-bank account with one dollar.

Again referring to the precautions that the buyer of bonds or stocks should observe,

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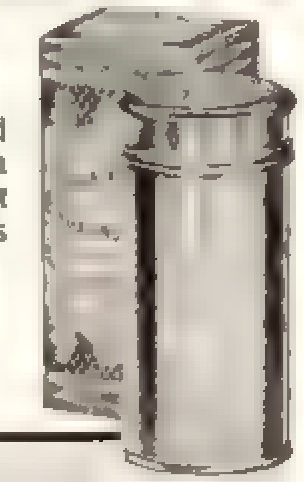

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remember you should always write down the number of your bond or share of stock in a secure place. Then, in case it is stolen, you can have payment stopped. In the case of a bond where the coupons are negotiable for cash this is a very important matter. Of course, if the bond is registered this precaution is not so necessary, but not all bonds are registered, by any means.

If you are going to invest, for example, in a short-term note, or a bond, and have the money ready, do not delay; for delays, sometimes, are costly. It frequently happens that prices go up in the course of a few days. Not long ago a very desirable short-term note was offered by a syndicate of New York bankers at 97. There was a big demand for it. By the time the people who had pondered over it for several weeks sent in their orders the price had gone up to 99.

If you live in a small town, or in the country, and have a bond with coupons, you can have these coupons cashed at your bank, for the reason that the coupon of any good bond is as good as cash. It saves you the trouble, too, of sending the coupon to the trustees.

Finally—and this is so important that it cannot be repeated too often—find out everything you possibly can about the company in whose securities you invest. Ascertain the earnings of the security for as long a period of years as you can conveniently trace it, learn all you can about the men who conduct the enterprise, and find out exactly what rate of interest or dividend has been paid on its stocks or bonds.

IN THE OPEN

THE REVIVAL OF TENNIS

WHILE the loss of the Davis Cup, the second week in July, on the English Wimbledon courts, cannot honestly be claimed to have furnished a surprise, yet it certainly may be said to have given us material for thought, both as to the measure of our present playing skill and as to the foundation of our building for the future.

The Davis Cup is to lawn tennis what the America's Cup is to yachting. Competition for it also brings out the state of expertness in the game itself and shows as well what progress we have made in maintaining a state of preparedness—which, in fewer words, means keeping up the quality of the contestant—something that can be done only through healthful and open local competition, plenty of match-making and plenty of recruits. The record of the blue ribbon of the sea proves our efforts to have been directed by an intelligence which overlooked nothing essential in the make-ready, and produced, therefore, a champion fitted worthily and successfully to go forth as representative. The story of the blue ribbon of the courts hasn't so much of glory to shed upon America, but it is none the less interesting, and, indeed, has much of both entertainment and instruction to yield to research.

The Story of the Davis Cup

The cup was donated seven or eight years ago by Dwight F. Davis, of St. Louis, as an international challenge trophy to be played for annually, and the history of the matches for its possession is, to a large extent, the history of one of the most active periods of the game in America. The unique revelations of that history are that our potential playing strength has been realized only occasionally through the chance of good luck, one of the game's cleverest exponents being still active; and that the average quality of, say, the first ten, as annually decided by the Newport championship tournament, is likely always to be lower than it could be if the second and third grades were protected from the mug-hunters of the first grade, and if the best of the latter class would stay longer in the game. Very few of our best men keep up their form after they have been graduated from college, or once they have entered upon their business careers. Just as they are beginning to mature—to reap the great benefits of experience—they quit. The retired list of America cannot be duplicated in the lawn-tennis world in point of numbers and quality—and three-quarters of them are still young, most of them younger than the Australian who this year, after years of patient and persistent effort, succeeded in carrying off the highest honors that either America or England had to offer at Wimbledon. The Americans were this year, and always have been, mere boys in comparison with their English opponents; and I do not make this statement by way of excusing their defeat, but to commend the better sense of our rivals and to utter the wish that we might profit by their example.

Probably we shall continue in our present superficial way and remain in point of tournament-average below that of England, class for class. It would help a whole lot to a betterment all along the line, if the Association which has the destiny, so to say, of the game at its mercy would give thought a little more to State tournaments and the second and third raters.

However inadequately some of the essential interests of the game are served by its sponsors, there is no doubting the good which has been done the game by these Davis Cup contests; and the most good will come out of the defeats, and especially out of the defeat of this year, if the powers that be will not shut their eyes to what all of us who are friends of the game can see plainly.

In the thirty matches at singles and doubles which have decided the six contests for this cup, England has won sixteen, America eight by play and one by default, Australia three, and two in 1900 were never completed on account of rain after the American team had won the necessary three of the five scheduled. America has won the trophy only twice within that period, in 1900 and 1902, and what appears to me to illustrate most significantly the kind of lawn-tennis progress we make is the fact that the Australians, whom the American players defeated three years ago, were the victors at last in 1907. That does not mean that the present form of the Australians is so much higher in 1907 than it was in 1905 (although it is some higher), but that our form is not so high.

The same statement may be made as regards England and Australia. Two of the same players (Gore and Barrett), whom England sent over in 1900 (with E. D. Black) and who were beaten by Whitman and Davis and Ward, composing the American defending team, unsuccessfully defended the Davis Cup for England in 1907 against the Australians, who had won the right to challenge by defeating the Americans. That means that England of 1907 is no better off than in 1900, but it also indicates that America of 1907 is not so well off in 1907 as in 1900. England was represented by players who had done the same duty seven years before and were too old to improve much, while America was represented by a new pair of less skill than those that successfully defended in 1900. And neither England nor America was represented by the pick of its native talent. Had those expert brothers Doherty played for England, the Davis Cup would have not changed hands, and America would have suffered a severer defeat. No two players have ever equalled the superlative skill of these brothers, and there are no two on the lawn-tennis horizon, either in England or America, or in Australia, that seem at all likely to develop into worthy successors.

The Triumph of the Dohertys

It is also to the credit of this now famous cup that we owe the coming to this country of the Dohertys, although their advent here spelled devastation for the time being, for they not only carried off the Davis Cup on their second invasion, but the titles of our national championships. They came over first in 1902 as the second challenging team England had sent—the first being, as I have related, in 1900—and with them, as the third member, was Doctor Pim, a great player, of whom we had perhaps heard more than of the Dohertys, and of whose skill many stood more in awe than of the Irishmen. Whitman saved the day on that occasion by defeating Doctor Pim and then beating R. F. Doherty, who already had beaten Larned. The speed with which the Doherty brothers went through Davis and Ward, sometimes regarded as the strongest

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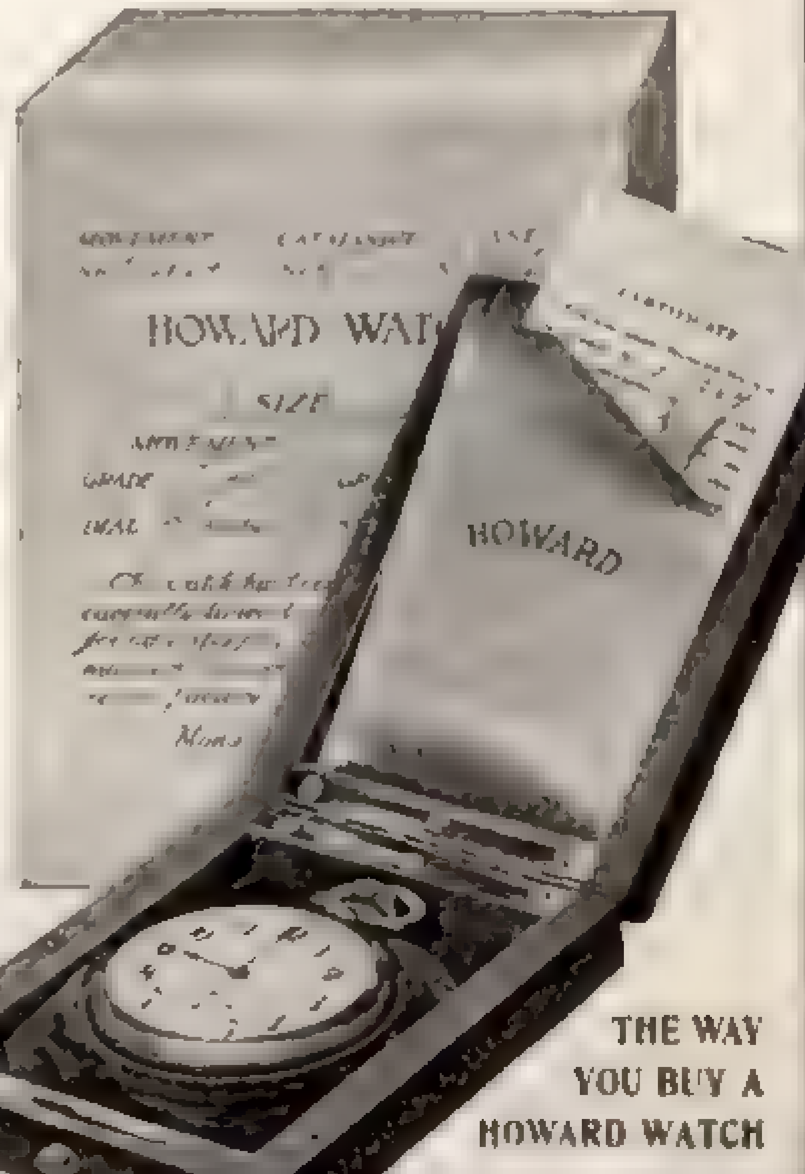

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double team we ever had, was uncomfortably suggestive of what they held in store for us at a future time. Nor was the reckoning long in making.

Next year, 1903, England again challenged, and the Dohertys came as the sole representatives to meet our team of three, Larned and the Wrenn brothers. R. F. Doherty wrenched his arm and defaulted his first match to Larned; the brother H. L. beat R. D. Wrenn in straight sets and Larned three sets out of five; then R. F. Doherty took three sets out of five from R. D. Wrenn; the Doherty brothers beat the Wrenn brothers—and it was all over without a played match to our credit and the Cup on its way to England. We could not get together a team in 1904 that was considered good enough to send, so no challenge was issued; but in 1905 Larned and Wright (the same one as this year), Ward and Clothier (the present American champion), sailed to bring back the trophy to our shores.

The defending team included the Dohertys and S. H. Smith, who was viewed as about of the Gore class and kind of player. The Americans beat all opponents, including the Australians, until they reached the English team, and then they went out in quick and regular order. H. L. Doherty defeated Ward and Larned, which had been expected, as was the victory of the Dohertys over Ward and Wright in the doubles; but the cruelly unexpected, despite the fact that the unexpected is more often the usual in his case, was Larned's defeat by Smith, who also did the same to Clothier. Five straight victories, without a look-in for America, whereas two matches had been counted on! Last year our own especial cup, which had been filling since 1903, overflowed because of accident to one of the members of the team (Wright) and the doubtful judgment exhibited in arranging the playing-schedules of the others. It was a sorry showing for America, and yet the two who stood the brunt of the battle (Little and Ward) did their very best to stem the tide that swept against them; and Little, in particular, did better than one had a right to expect, judged by his previous form. The English team was the same as it had been the preceding year (1905), and the Dohertys did what was expected—that is, H. L. Doherty beat Ward and Little, and the Doherty brothers defeated Ward and Little in the doubles; but the unexpected was again furnished by Smith in beating Ward as well as Little in straight sets. America added a small surprise of her own through Little's hanging on to Doherty for five sets.

The record of this year's contest you already know, and so there is the story of the Davis Cup, which has, I believe, done something for the American game, but which tells on its records of the actual retrograde of American first-class form. We appear never to have produced but one player who could win from a Doherty, and the best of first flight to-day are not so good as the best of any of the seasons of from three to seven or ten years ago. With the exception of a "twist" service, which the Australians have adopted and use with telling effect, the game of to-day is practically what it was in the day of Ollie Campbell, the first of a group of the cleverest racquet-wielders Newport has yet seen, who came quickly and passed as quickly—in the truly superficial American way.

American lawn tennis seems always to have a number of promising players who are heralded as "coming," but either they never arrive or they do not remain long.

But all this has nothing to do with lawn tennis as a game for you and for me, and in that respect, at least, no criticism can be offered. It is not only a good game for us, but it is one of the very best to keep us in training if we are young and ambitious, or to keep us healthful and vigorous if we have reached that charitable time of "middle-aged." And remember, if the middle-age period is passing in its inevitable turn, that you can still stay in the game with your boy, if you like, by adding a foot to the height of the net and thus diminishing the killing pace without in the smallest degree spoiling any of the fun or making it "too easy" for the boy.

It is very pleasing to note and to record the wide revival of general activity in this game. A few years ago the nets were rolled up and forgotten in the top attic; year before last the revival began, and this year the tennis court is as common on the lawn as the croquet wicket once was.

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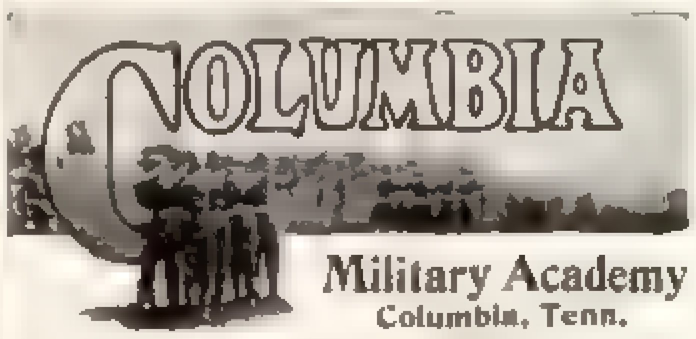

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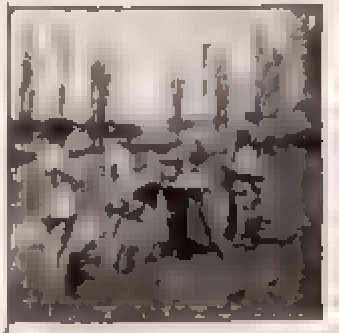

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From a married schoolmate, living in a small town in the interior, I learned of the scarcity and high prices of millinery, and literally and figuratively shook the yellow clay from my shoes and fared forth to the land of the cactus.

My first order of millinery and notions was to a wholesale house in St. Louis and amounted to $257.50. I had not informed myself as to the amount of duty; therefore it was somewhat a "facer" when the freight and duty on the aforementioned order amounted to over five hundred dollars Mexican, or about two hundred and fifty dollars in United States currency.

From the customs' invoice sent me I learned that the duty on a trimmed hat is one dollar, and that cheap straw sailors with a ribbon band, costing thirty-seven cents in St. Louis, cost me one dollar more because of their bands, which placed them in the trimmed hat category.

On mosquito netting, which I had ordered to protect my wares, and which cost $2.64 in St. Louis, I was set back $11.80 in duty. This puzzled me greatly till I found it was assessed as lace.

Yet I was not discouraged—the hats sold, and sold well. Before I had occasion to order more goods I sent a dollar to the City of Mexico, and in return received a copy of the custom laws.

From this book I learned that in many instances I had paid even a higher duty than the law required. Thereupon, I wrote long and eloquent epistles to the lawyer at Eagle Pass, who was supposed to have attended to getting my property through the custom house, and who had taxed me a good round sum for his services, but his interest in the matter had evidently ceased.

However, I studied the custom laws to some purpose, and, when my next shipment came through, my sailors were apparently minus their bands, though a close observer might have found them neatly slipped around inside the "sweatband." Thus untrimmed, the duty on them was twenty-five cents per hat. I had also learned that ribbons and artificial flowers are assessed at an incredible number of dollars per kilogram (two and one-fifth pounds); therefore, the dozen trimmed hats which I had ordered sported almost a dozen bunches each of artificial flowers, and huge bows and streamers of ribbon, a whole bolt of one kind on one hat, and these gaudy creations came through at one dollar each.

Another of the stumbling-blocks which impeded my path was the counterfeit coin with which the country is flooded. Once, in paying a fifty-dollar account, the leading merchant gave me eight counterfeit silver dollars. When I took them to him about an hour later he blandly assured me that they were all right; but I think he must have had grave doubts, for, when my friend, a few days afterward, at my instigation, wanted to pay him for her groceries with them, he declined them politely.

The law requires you to keep a record of your daily sales in Mexico. This record must be kept in a special book, stamped with a special stamp, for which you pay a special official a handsome sum. One day this special official, who was also the abovementioned leading merchant, came to my shop, and, after examining my book, informed me that I had not kept the account correctly, and that, much against his own inclination, he was compelled to fine me the modest sum of a hundred dollars. Of course, I knew this was untrue, but I was powerless. In the small interior Mexican town the rule of the mayor is as absolute and despotic as that of a Fiji Island chief.

Having no money, I suggested that he take the remains of my summer millinery in lieu of the fine. He accepted my offer with alacrity, and, although this happened eight years ago, my friend often mentions that some of my hats are still on exhibition in his show-window, and that occasionally he sells one of them. —*A. M.*

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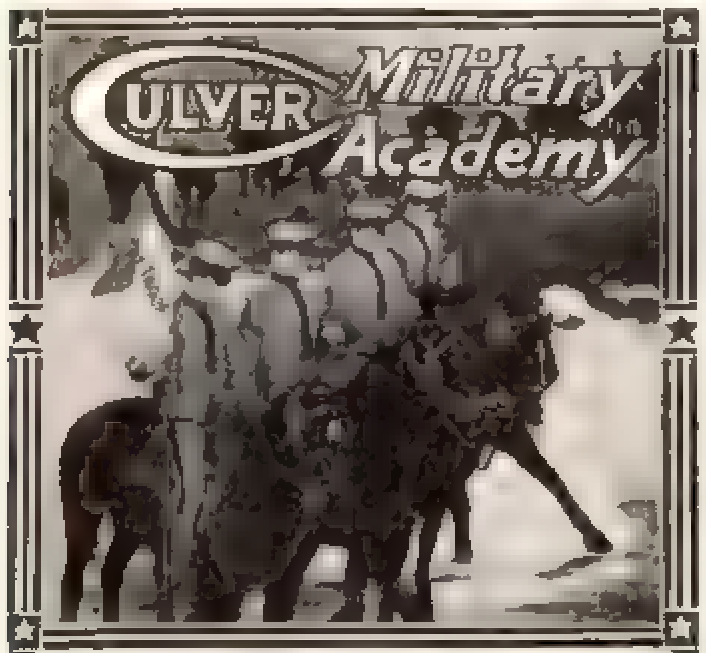

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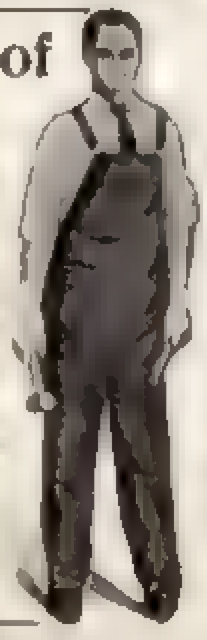

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E X M A C H I N A

(Continued from Page 5)

"You—ah—perhaps, prefer a farmer to a man of any other—ah—profession?" He strove to command his voice, but it shook.

"Perhaps," she said.

"*Do* you?"

"Y-yes," very cautiously.

He waited a moment to control his voice, then: "*I* am a farmer," he said.

"Yes?" innocently.

"Yes, I am. I have a cow, some accursed vegetables, and a stray hen or two. Where the hens are now I don't know; but they're mine if they're still on earth. Besides that, I have some mining shares worth nothing now, but which are due to rocket skyward in about a year. Other assets are a few dollars, unlimited ambition and energy, some badly burnt and worse starched shirts, and no debts. I—I wish to ask you something."

"Ask it," she said, dangerously calm.

He moistened his lips, touched his forehead with his handkerchief, and, looking directly at her, said:

"I never before saw a woman whom I could care for." And, being truthful, he added, "I mean as much as I care for you. I could easily fall desperately in love with you. You could make me love you without trying. A smile—the first glimmer of friendliness in your gray eyes would do it. It will probably happen, anyway."

She waited.

"C-can you ever—learn to care for a man like me?" he asked.

"No, Mr. Manners."

"If—if you could, I'd get you out of that tree in a moment."

"The price is too excessive; I prefer the tree, Mr. Manners."

"But—good Heavens! If you don't marry me, a farmer *pro tem.*, you are liable to marry some genuine and dreadful chin-whiskered, hay-raking, shambling rustic."

"Mr. Manners!!!"

"I can't help it! I *know!*" he exclaimed desperately. "I treated you for that; I gave you absent treatment for it! I suggested that you marry a farmer."

"That was very, very impudent of you," she said hotly; "but I have already told you that I refuse to believe in your powers. I defy you to influence me by mental suggestion! I—I challenge you to make me do one single thing through the exercise of mental suggestion!"

Her angry, beautiful face flushed as she spoke; she bent forward on her perch, braving him.

"I *do* love you," he said obstinately.

"I can't help it," she retorted. "Besides, it's ridiculous to chase a girl up a tree and sit at the bottom and make love to her."

"Ridiculous or not," he said, "I do love you. I love you enough to risk being ridiculous. I love you too much even to think of mentally suggesting that you love me a little in return."

"That is perfect nonsense, Mr. Manners!"

"N-nonsense?"

"Certainly. Just as though you could mentally influence me to love you, if you tried for a year!"

"I could do it in a minute!" he exclaimed hotly.

"And I defy you!" she retorted. "Here I am, sitting upon this branch, unable to get away. Try it, Mr. Manners!"

The bright, excited and scornful challenge stirred him to excitement.

"You don't know what you are risking," he said. "I—I could make you care for me, if I wished to. I could get you out of that tree before you knew it, if I wished to. Don't challenge me again, unless you wish to risk more than you desire to."

She laughed mockingly and swung her feet to and fro.

"I give you full permission to try," she said.

He was silent.

"Shame!" she added, "to let such a challenge pass!"

Still he was silent.

"And, if you can succeed in taking me down out of this tree without my consent or knowledge," she continued, "I give you full permission to make love to me—and make me fall desperately in love with you—desperately, unreasoningly, blindly. Besides, I could not help falling violently in love with a man who really could do such things."

"Even with *me?*" he asked, looking straight up at her.

"Even with you."

"Very well," he said, turning a trifle pale. "I am going to begin. Please place both arms rather tightly around the trunk of that tree."

She laughed disdainfully, but complied. He stood very still, rigid, silent, looking up at her. For a few seconds she watched him, scornfully confident; then his features seemed to blur a trifle, and she opened her eyes wider. But the face and figure below grew vague and hazy.

"Hold very tight," he said gently. And she heard his voice and obeyed, dazed.

"I think I think you are sleeping," he said. She did not answer; she no longer heard him.

Then he sprang into the branches and climbed swiftly upward, and very, very gently unclasped her arms from the tree-trunk. She was not heavy, but the descent was slow and perilous as he climbed lower and lower, stepping from limb to limb, his slumbering burden clasped tightly in one arm.

At last he hung by his free arm from the lowest branch, looked down coolly, and dropped.

And now she lay back against the base of the tree, eyes closed, pink sunbonnet fallen back, adorable lips half parted, her tanned hands lying limp in her lap.

Manners stood watching her.

"I could love you," he murmured, "too much to make you care for such a man as I am. I—I *do* love you, and I leave your heart as free of love as when I first laid eyes on you. . . . So you may wake now—gently—happily—care-free, heart-free. . . . Wake, Ethra!"

Slowly the gray eyes unclosed. Meeting his they opened wider, languid, smiling, unafraid. Then she raised her body on one arm, looked around, upward, then turned her head swiftly, eyes dilating and clearing with comprehension.

The next moment she sprang to her feet, cast a swift glance up into the branches, caught her breath, and, facing him, took an unsteady step backward against the tree-trunk.

"You—you *did* do it!" she gasped.

"Yes. You must not be afraid."

"I—I am."

"You need not be."

"I *am!* I—I dared you to do it. You have done it. I d-dared you to m-make me love you."

"I did *not* do *that!*"

"O-oh!—I don't know—I don't know whether you have done that or not!" she cried. "You could have; I defied you to; I offered to let you. If you did not do it, *why* did you not?"

"Because I love you."

"Then why didn't you?"

"Because I love you."

"Oh!"

She looked at him, still a little dazed, still frightened, uncertain.

He said in a low voice: "Do you now believe all that I told you?"

"Yes—oh, yes, I do."

"All?"

"Yes, all."

"About the mental treatment I gave you on that fatal day last spring when I saw you entering your carriage?"

"Yes, I believe it."

"And—and that you still stand in peril of marrying a farmer—a thing of overalls, whiskers and pitchforks!—an absurd and revolting parody on ——"

"D-don't let me!" she stammered, moving impulsively toward him. "You—you won't let me do such a thing, will you, Mr. Manners?" still advancing, both little hands outstretched.

"I can't help it," he said miserably. "I can't reverse mental treatment; I don't know how. All I can do is to modify it in a measure by directing it more definitely toward some designated individual."

"Then—then d-direct it toward s-s-some individual, Mr. Manners. Don't leave me with this promiscuous rural terror to haunt me! Don't go away and leave me this indefinite horror—menaced by the entire clodhopping population of the United States!"

"What shall I do?" he asked, profoundly affected by her dismay.

"Oh," she pleaded, as he gently took her outstretched and pathetic hands, "it is the horrid uncertainty that I cannot endure. You have destined me for the b-b-bride of some farmer. If I've g-g-got to marry a

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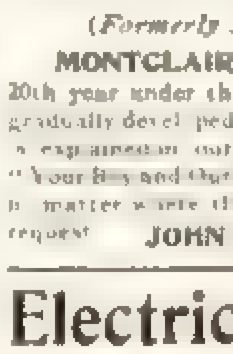

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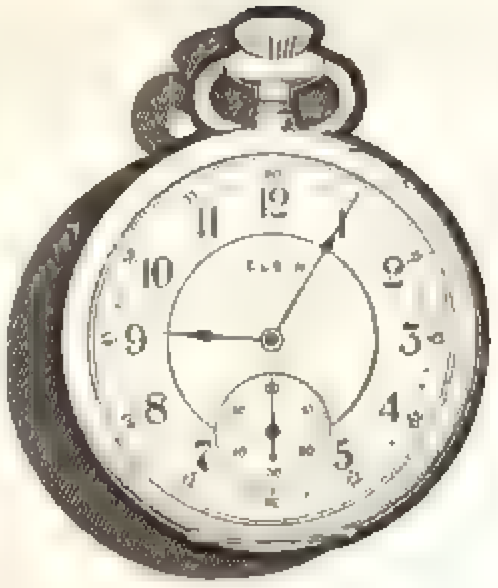

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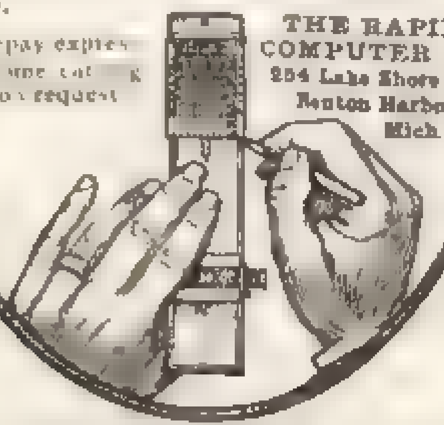

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farmer I want to know what he's like, whether he wears his coat in the house, whether he uses a knife for a fork! Oh—oh, this is too dreadful—too—too dreadful! I—I'm afraid—afraid!"

She broke down, innocently concealing her tear-stained face in the first convenient nook that offered. It chanced to be the scorched shirt front of Mr. Manners. He thoughtlessly put both arms around her. Then they both became absent-minded, for he mentioned her name several times as "Ethra," and "Sweetheart," and her arms lay most carelessly around his neck, and she offered no explanation of the phenomenon.

"D-darling!"

"W-what?" she sobbed, although she had never before answered to such an indefinite cognomen.

"D-do you hate me?"

"N-no."

"I—I didn't know," he faltered.

"W-well *I* do, and I *don't*."

With which strangely parodoxical observation she managed to find her handkerchief and dry her tears. Then she raised her head and looked up at him.

A curiously absent-minded expression crept into their eyes; their actions, too, were utterly illogical. However, they said absolutely nothing. They couldn't.

At last her pretty lips found an opportunity.

"I wonder," she said, "how we can do such things . . . as though we had been accustomed to them. . . . Dear, you had no need to employ your talents on me; I—I wasn't really afraid to come down; I was only afraid you'd go away if I did. . . . And—and, dearest, I—I be—I b-b-began to love you up in the tree—a little, just a little. . . . I think I am a trifle tired. . . . Shall we sit here under our blessed, blessed tree?"

He looked hopelessly into the gray eyes.

"Darling," he said, "I—I can't sit down in—in this g-g-garment. Don't ask me to go into details, only the—the starch ——"

She gazed at her lover in infinite pity. "I think I understand," she said very softly.

And together they passed out into the sunshine, his arm around her waist, her lovely head nestling against his shoulder.

(THE END)

How to Take Care of Nervous Capital

(Continued from Page 11)

"When a man of forty and over shows rapid changes in his character, becomes reckless in moral acts and financiering, he is to be looked upon with suspicion from the medical point.

"Such changes generally denote some real brain disease, tissue changes, and a cure is not probable. Such cases are almost always hopeless.

"Don't dally a moment with such a man. He should at once be removed from any responsible position. Don't send him on a long trip, thinking he will recover. He will probably show some improvement that will be deceptive, but the degeneration of tissues goes on, and, once he returns to his rushing life, something to shock the community is certain to happen.

"Last summer I was on a steamer bound from Naples to Boston. My stateroom companion was a man of forty-three, who had been sent on a trip to rest his exhausted nerve cells. He had so dissipated his reserve force that little was left to keep his heart going. It was the same old story: he had waited too long in taking his physician's advice, given him some five years previous.

"He had made the trip out in the same steamer and remained on shore only while she got ready for the return trip. He could not shake off his rush habits. Every minute of the time he had used literally to scurry through Italy. He came aboard worse off than when he left Boston. However, he had wasted no time in 'seeing' Italy—he was proud of his achievement.

"The afternoon before we reached the Azores he took me by the arm and said: 'Doctor, I would give most of my wealth if I had your health. I have no one dependent upon me.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'you get off with me at the Azores and go up to my place in the mountains and I will show you how to get a little nervous energy. You have gone too far ever to get back all you have dissipated.'

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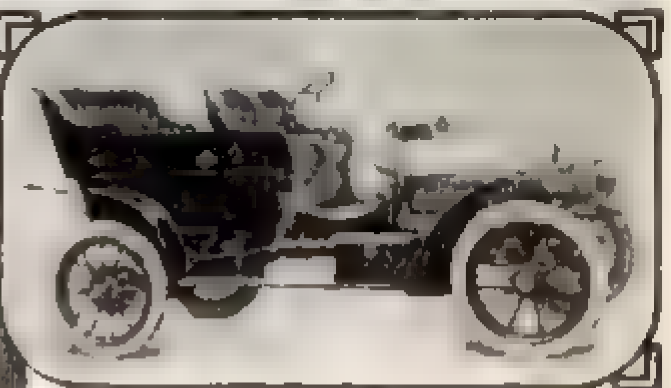

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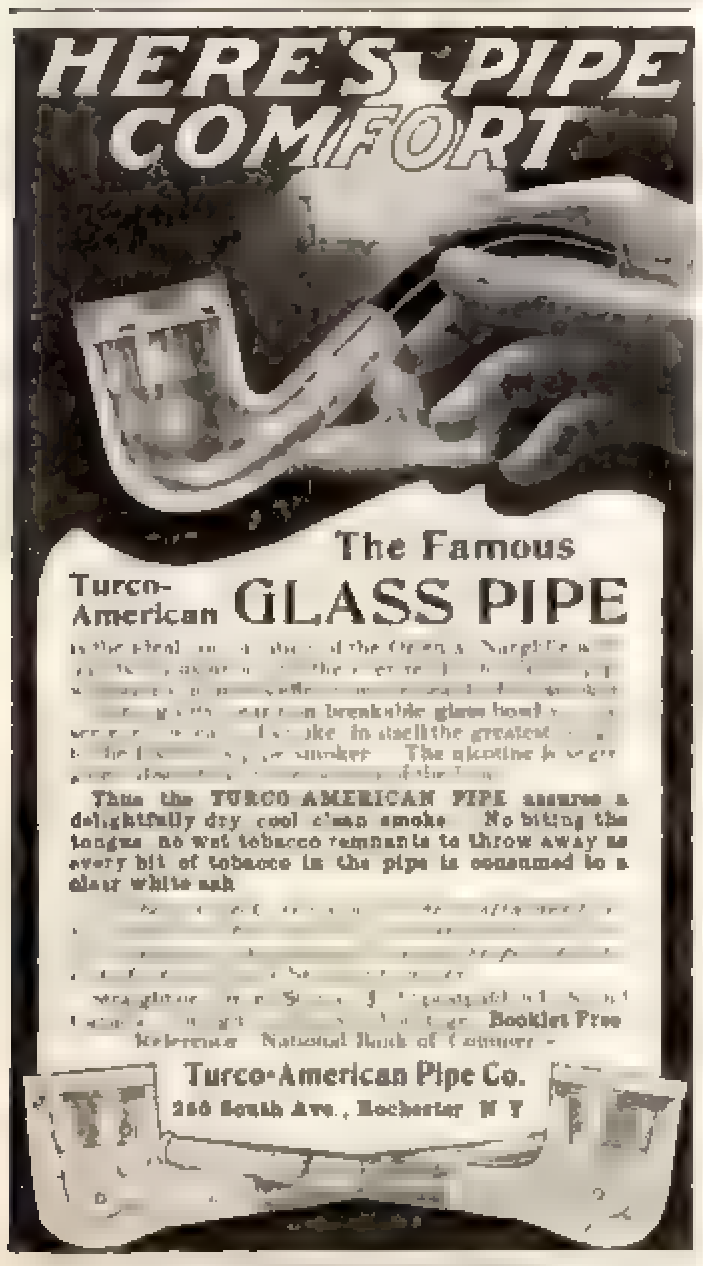

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"'But I've been very successful, Doctor'—he noticed my smile. 'I started as a poor boy in the insurance business, and now I'm almost at the top of the heap; I'm going to get there, anyway.

"'Any fellow can do it if he will work. This is the first vacation I have ever taken. But I've got to get back; it won't do to stay away any longer. Oh, but I wish I had your strength!'

"He had hardly said this before he spasmodically grasped my arm, placed the other hand over the region of his heart and fell into my arms. When I placed him on a bench he had gone on his long vacation.

"Every bit of this man's protoplasm had been drawn upon to get wealth.

"Was he mad?

"Yes, money-mad, like thousands of others. What else can you call a man who regards not himself, but only gold?

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The Missing Card

THE year I was fifteen years of age, a carnival company came to the city near which we lived, and my father, wishing to show his appreciation of my work of the summer, gave me fifteen dollars and told me to go to the fair. I had relatives living in the city where I could stay, and figured I could remain almost a week on the sum. The gayety of the city caught me in its meshes and I was ready for any excitement. As I stood before the gateway of the show one day, a young fellow with a weak face turned to me and said: "Come along with me and see what's doing."

It was almost dark as we walked down the deserted street. Suddenly another stranger elbowed his way between us, shuffling a deck of cards. "Ever play cards, boys?" he queried.

In concord we answered: "Nope; don't know the game at all."

With this the man passed on with a swinging gait, only to drop a card, the five of hearts. I picked up the card, and was about to call the man ahead.

But my companion whispered: "Hold on! Stick it in your pocket, quick."

I obeyed and he called to the man ahead: "Say, have you a full deck there?"

The stranger swung quickly around on his heel, saying: "Of course I have."

"I'll bet you a cigar you haven't," was the rejoinder of my friend.

"Yes, and I'll make it another," was my shot.

"Say, boys, I have my pockets full of cigars and I don't bet for pleasure, but I know I have a full deck and will wager you twenty dollars on it."

The man at my side shot a furtive glance at me that I understood, or thought I did. Then he said: "I have only ten dollars, but I will stake that."

"I won't bet ten dollars," said the man; "twenty dollars or nothing."

It was then my companion nudged me in the ribs, and I fished out a ten-dollar greenback and laid it with the money of my companion. "I'll cover the balance of this bet," I said.

When a twenty-dollar bill had been produced by the man with the cards, I produced the five of hearts from my coat pocket.

With a grin the stranger took his deck from his pocket and the top card was a five of hearts. He had had a duplicate of this card all along.

My friend quickly passed the money to him, then turned to me and said: "Kid, you were an easy one."

I walked the ten miles home that night.

—*H. W.*

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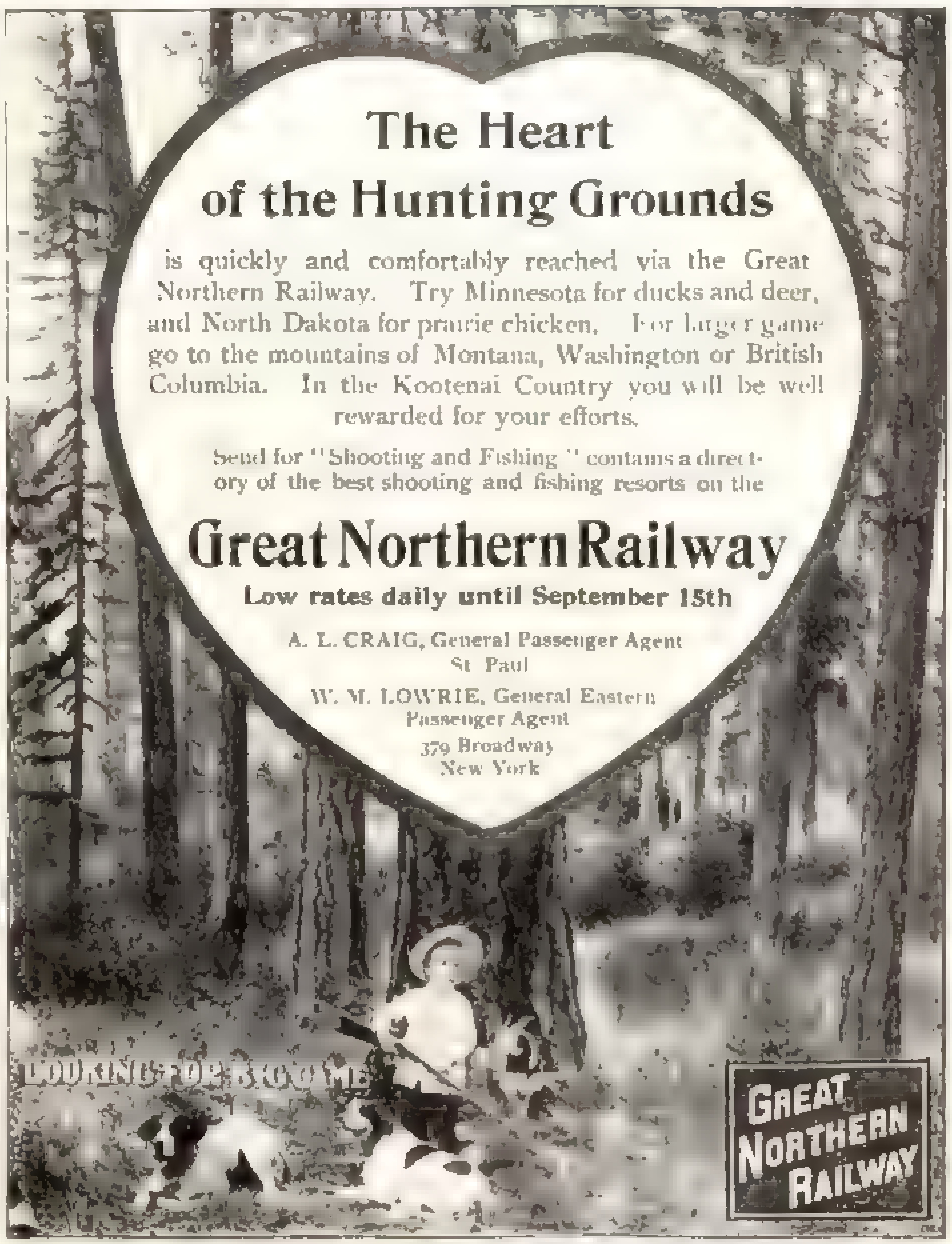

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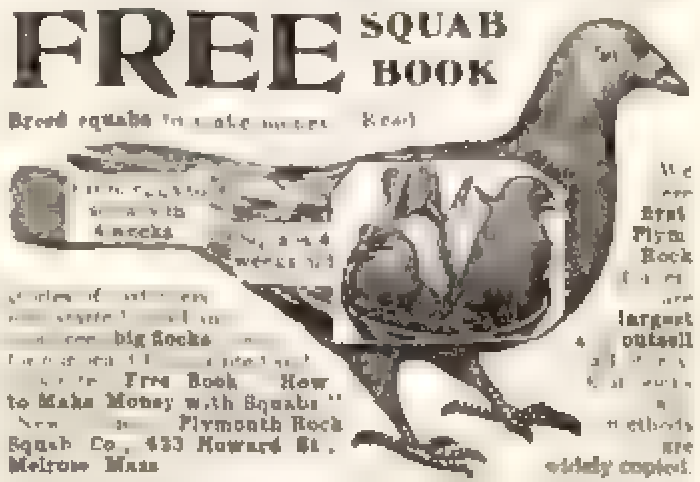

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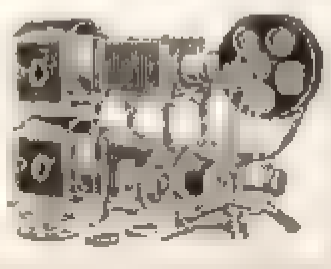

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ENTER THE DUKE

(Concluded from Page 10)

"'Yes, I'm goin' away,' says the Duke.

"'Goin' away?' Gert says again.

"'Yep, goin' away,' I says.

"'Goin' away,' says he.

"'Away!' says I.

"The Duke's face was white as paper.

"'I just come up to tell you,' he says, 'an' to say that, while I may never have the pleasure o' seein' you again, I'll remember you frequent,' or somethin' like that.

"Gert turned to me an', honest, Beau, her lamps went all the way through me like a pair o' field glasses.

"'Where is he goin'?' she says, cold, to me.

"'Goin' away from here,' I says. 'The Duke has got to meet his wife in Philadelphia to-night!'

"Then Gert looked a hole through the Duke.

"'That's it,' he gurgles, weak.

"Well, Beau, he gnawed the corners o' his face off—havin' no more wife than me—an' Gert, s'help me, looked like the end o' the world had come.

"'Well, good-by, Duke,' says I. 'Don't let us keep you.'

"We left Gert settin' there eatin' up the lan'scape with her eyes, an' went down in the bettin' ring. Gimme a match!

"'Now, Duke,' says I, 'I'll get you out o' this if I can; then it's your move. There's a horse goin' in the fifth race at about four to one. I'm goin' to pike a hundred on him for you, 'cause I think he'll win; but, if he don't, I can't help it. You've just naturally got to root him in. It's a gambler's chance for you to get even, make up what the cash drawer's out, an' quit the game. Are you on?'

"'I'll never make another bet so long as I live,' he says, or somethin' like that.

"'Of course,' says I, 'I hated to put the hooks in you, right there before Gert,' I says, 'but it just naturally had to be did, an' I couldn't 'a' convinced her any other way. As it is, she'll never know nothin' about the thing, nor nobody else, unless ——'

"'I'll never make another bet so long as I live,' he says again.

"Well, anyhow, the horse I bet on for him win was Jessica—at four to one—an' maybe little Dukelets didn't get down with his nose on the groun' an' root him in some! Oh, me gran'mother! I handed over the four hundred, an' told him to buy pie with what he had left over after he squared up, and that's all, except ——

"Except what? Oh, nothin'! I just drop in the office where he's brokin' every few mornings to see if he's on the job. Yep, he's Johnny on the spot, all right, all right. Aw, gimme a match!"

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Futrelle relating the adventures of Batty Logan.

WHICH COLLEGE FOR THE BOY?

(Continued from Page 7)

cold and wet, and before the game with Yale the turf was covered with straw. Then came a storm of snow and sleet, inches upon inches of it. The entire university turned out and labored till long past midnight, carrying off the snow, taking up the wet straw, sopping the ground dry and putting on a firm new thatch against the weather. The freshman who told me of this added that, in devotion to the university, sophomores allowed themselves to be crowded aside by freshmen who could work harder and faster.

There is another side to this Princeton loyalty. The track team has not been successful, and receives little encouragement—for that very inadequate reason. Several years ago some zealous alumnus brought Mr. Carnegie to the town, and it was only natural to hope that he would see how worthy the institution was of assistance. Unfortunately, to make conversation, the alumnus pointed out that there was a hollow at the foot of the hill which might easily be converted into a lake. Carnegie Lake is now a fact, but the college that dominates it is as poor as ever. And it is very much sadder, for it is afraid that circumstances over which it had no control will end by forcing it to take up with another losing sport. The world is very human, even in its virtues.

One of the finest flowers of the Princeton spirit is the so-called "honor system," which it invented to do away with the disgrace of cheating in examinations, and of being watched to prevent cheating. The entire student body put itself on parole. For over a decade now the professors have gone to the examination-room with their papers, and, having given their few words of counsel, have left, to return only at the end of the allotted time. The students sit as they choose, smoke, walk about, talk. And the evil of cheating has departed. About once a year some one is expelled: the tactful secrecy of the proceeding prevents the exact record from being known.

If an undergraduate sees another attempting to copy an answer he calls the attention of his neighbors, and, if the case is a clear one, they jointly report it. The culprit is heard by a member of the Faculty and, if found guilty, is given the fatal word. Only those who have taken part in his conviction know why he leaves college. It has been very justly observed that the evil of cheating prevails most under the system of prescribed studies, and in the boyish atmosphere of a college. But this only renders it the greater glory that Princeton undergraduates have abolished it by the sheer force of traditions of honor and loyalty to the good name of their *alma mater*. Other institutions have attempted to adopt the system, but not all of them with the same success.

The crowning glory of this organized democracy is the system of upperclass eating-clubs. Fraternities are not permitted. In Western universities they will tell you that the distinction is without difference—that the Princeton clubs are fraternities in everything except having Greek-letter names, secret charters, grips and conclaves. It is true that the element of mystery is unimportant. Yet there are differences that are vital. The Princeton clubs have avoided the worst, and to my mind the only, evil feature of the fraternity system. Instead of joining in a mad rush after supposedly desirable sub-freshmen and freshmen, they do not elect members until the end of sophomore and the beginning of junior year. They are thus far more nearly, if not absolutely, representative—the reward of prominence in recognized undergraduate activities, and the sure means of concentrating and rendering efficient the best elements in the college. The fact that they are eating-clubs, moreover, and have no rooms for undergraduates prevents them from lifting their members quite out of the general undergraduate life.

More than this, they have imposed upon themselves a restriction no less wonderful and admirable than the honor system in examinations. By virtue of "the upperclass club treaty," they abstain from all effort to rush, or in any way pledge, sophomores. It is true that a club once proved traitor to the best interests of the college by renouncing the treaty and pledging its recruits. It is also true that men living in the close intimacy of a concentrated college life cannot escape what is called a "hunch," as to who is destined for this organization or that. But the backsliding club speedily renounced the error of its way, and there is an unwritten, but generally effective, rule that, for weeks before the club elections, all intimacy between the upperclassmen and underclassmen is suspended. The very system of elections, which is quite elaborate, is effectively designed to give the first few men chosen the preponderant vote as to which of their classmates are to be selected. No American college or university, so far as I know, has a better club system, or, in fact, one that is anywhere near as good.

The weakness of the Princeton system is that of all of our colleges: the great mass of undergraduates live scattered and neglected lives. In one way, it is true, the unaffiliated at Princeton are fortunate. There are extensive and very beautiful dormitories, and the lack of permanent social organizations in the freshman and sophomore years tends to keep alive in them a general class spirit. But, of late, a pernicious system has grown up which, as it is the occasion of an imminent and profoundly significant crisis, is worthy of special attention.

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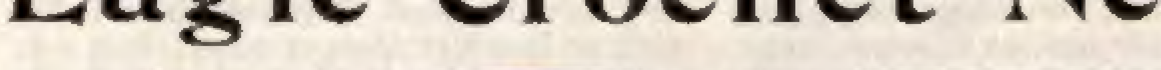

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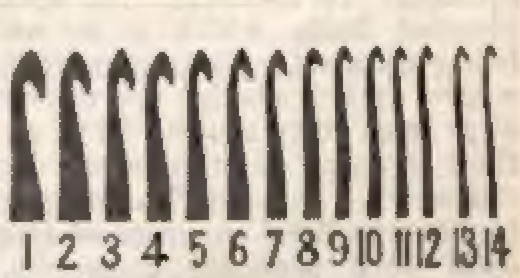

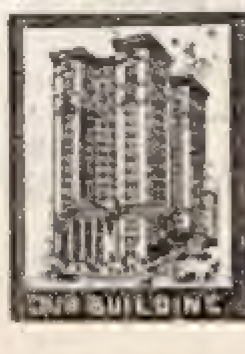

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Two attempts to establish general student commons having failed, the undergraduates, until lately, took their meals in boarding-house clubs. The leading sophomore clubs are distinguished by the colors of peculiar hats they wear. Certain of these, notably Red Hat and Dark-Blue Hat, by carefully selecting prominent men, earned the reputation of putting their members in line for election to Ivy, Tiger Inn and Cottage, the three leading upperclass clubs. It thus became the chief end of the freshman clubs to secure what is called the "following" of Red Hat and Dark Blue—that is, the privilege of wearing the hats in their sophomore year. To do so was to be socially blest, not to do so was to become an outsider. In other words, underclass life resolved itself, from the opening of the freshman year, into persistent and elaborate social clamber.

An astute boarding-house keeper took advantage of the fact. He managed to corral Red Hat and Dark Blue, thus making his system of boarding-houses the focus of underclass life.

It was as much as a freshman's chance of an upperclass eating-club was worth not to board in one of his group of houses, and he is said to have used his advantage to charge extortionate prices for bad food. Princeton grappled with the situation in a manner characteristically intelligent. Certain leading undergraduates tore a leaf from the book of the extortionate townsman. They went to Dean Fine and proposed that the college remodel the old commons building, so as to give each club a separate apartment, and then capture Red Hat and Dark Blue as they had been captured before. It was a ludicrous comedy, or a feat of statesmanlike foresight, as one chooses to regard it. So was the result, which proved all that was expected—and more.

The new commons are a triumphant success, both financially and with regard to the cheapness and quality of the fare. Excellent food is to be had for five dollars and a half a week. Within the first fortnight after arrival in Princeton, small groups of fifteen freshmen organize the nuclei of clubs and are given separate rooms in the commons. Then they proceed to elect other freshmen, until each club numbers between thirty and forty. Such freshmen as are not elected form clubs of their own, so that no one is without affiliation. So far, so good.

An incidental and unforeseen result of concentrating the life of the underclassmen in the college commons was to intensify the system of social climbing beyond all endurance. The question of hat followings has become paramount. Day and night the freshman is obsessed by the fear that he will not "make" the desired sophomore eating-club. Sometimes a group of men, regarding themselves as in a different class from the rest of their club, secede and join with another similar group of malcontents to form a new club. Social politics are rife. Nothing could be more pernicious to the spirit of democracy.

There is no occasion, however, to take a censorious attitude toward these Princeton underclassmen. It is a hard alternative that faces them. Between the club man and the non-club man in the upper classes there is the sharpest of all distinctions, painfully signalized by the brilliant hatband the club men wear. It is a manifest case of sheep and goats. When a freshman fails of one of the leading hat followings, his entire college life is a failure in what at the moment he feels to be its most important phase.

The college is facing the situation with all its characteristic resolution, though in some respects with less, as it seems, than its characteristic wisdom. It proposes two reforms: To introduce the system of residential halls, which is so unexpectedly being agitated in leading institutions everywhere, and to abolish the upperclass clubs, or at least so to modify them as to destroy their present elective and representative character. Dormitories on the campus are to be organized in units of two hundred, each with separate commons, and the club-houses are each to be made the nucleus of a similar non-elective community. President Wilson and Dean Fine are well aware that their project is revolutionary, but they are also aware that the evil they are facing demands, at all costs, to be overthrown. Alumni of the clubs assert that the authorities cannot do as they threaten; but those who are nearest to them are most afraid that they will.

From the point of view of an outsider, the measures proposed seem to be so drastic as to defeat their own ends. The clubs are about the most valuable social asset of the college. They have their origin deep in the best instincts of Princeton life, and have a long and most honorable association with the Princeton spirit at its best. Their alumni are among the most distinguished and powerful graduates of the college, and the club-houses afford a tie of inestimable value as keeping them in warm and close sympathy with its needs. To put the axe to the root of the system is to blight much that is best in the moral life of the institution.

Moreover—and this is the point of chief moment—to say that the clubs require to be disestablished is to underrate grossly the value of the proposed residential halls. When each undergraduate is a member of a separate organization, with its facilities for pleasant and helpful comradeship, its local spirit and traditions, its local societies and athletic teams, the club question will be on a radically different footing. Red Hat and Dark Blue, even Green Hat, Light Blue, and the rest, may still persist; but they will no longer be eating-clubs. Their members will not only eat, but sleep, work and play, as members of different halls. Thus, their social influence and importance cannot fail to diminish. It will be a stronger boost toward Ivy to dine in the same hall and play on the same team with a prominent fellow-classman than to be a fellow-member of Red Hat. And when, at the beginning of the junior year, a part of the upperclassmen are elected to Ivy, Tiger Inn, Cottage, and the rest, it will no longer be a case of sheep and goats. The men who fail to be chosen will still have a normal and pleasant life within the hall, while those who are chosen will not be altogether removed from it. They will still have their rooms there for sleep and for study. They will still have the general life and traditions of the hall at heart, and its athletic success. At the very worst it should only be necessary to forbid men to dine in their clubs before senior year. The halls will minimize the evil influences of the clubs, both upperclass and underclass, without destroying any helpful influence.

When the halls are established, Princeton will have a further resemblance to the English universities; but it will be rendered incomplete and ineffective without the upperclass clubs. At Oxford and Cambridge the social life has a dual character. Every man is a member of a college, and takes part in its activities; but, in proportion as his character and abilities warrant, he is led upward and outward into the broader life of the university, which is crystallized in organizations roughly analogous to these Princeton clubs. The hall develops men for the university, socially and in athletics; and these men in turn bring back into the hall the larger spirit of the whole institution. The threatened reform, in short, would sacrifice the most vital source of organized democracy and solidarity at Princeton.

Taken for all in all, no college or university, so far as I know, has equalled Princeton in inspiring its undergraduates with a manly simplicity and earnestness. No doubt the very seclusion and democracy of the life tend toward excessive boyishness and a lack of individuality. During four years of preparation for life, life itself is below the horizon. In those generously-beautiful spring evenings when the seniors gather on the campus and sing Out in the Wide, Wide World, hearts sink at the dread thought of the final separation and the forlorn plunge into a strange life. That song, as it happens, is written more in the spirit of laughter than of tears; but very few seniors realize the fact when they sing it. They are more apt to have streaming eyes. One Princeton graduate I know gravely wrote a magazine essay to tell the wide, wide world the glad news that he had not found it so very much worse than Old Nassau. Yet it is a right manly sentiment that inspires the singing senior. After commencement the new graduates troop down to the station and gravely boost their departing friends, one by one, through the car windows. As the train pulls them out into that wide, wide world, those who are left lift their hats and sing their eternal loyalty to one another and to Old Nassau. It is funny—in the way that throws a lump into your throat.

Editor's Note—This is the third of Mr. Corbin's series of papers upon American Colleges. The next article will treat of Cornell.

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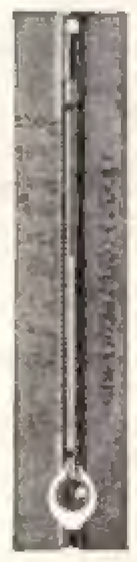
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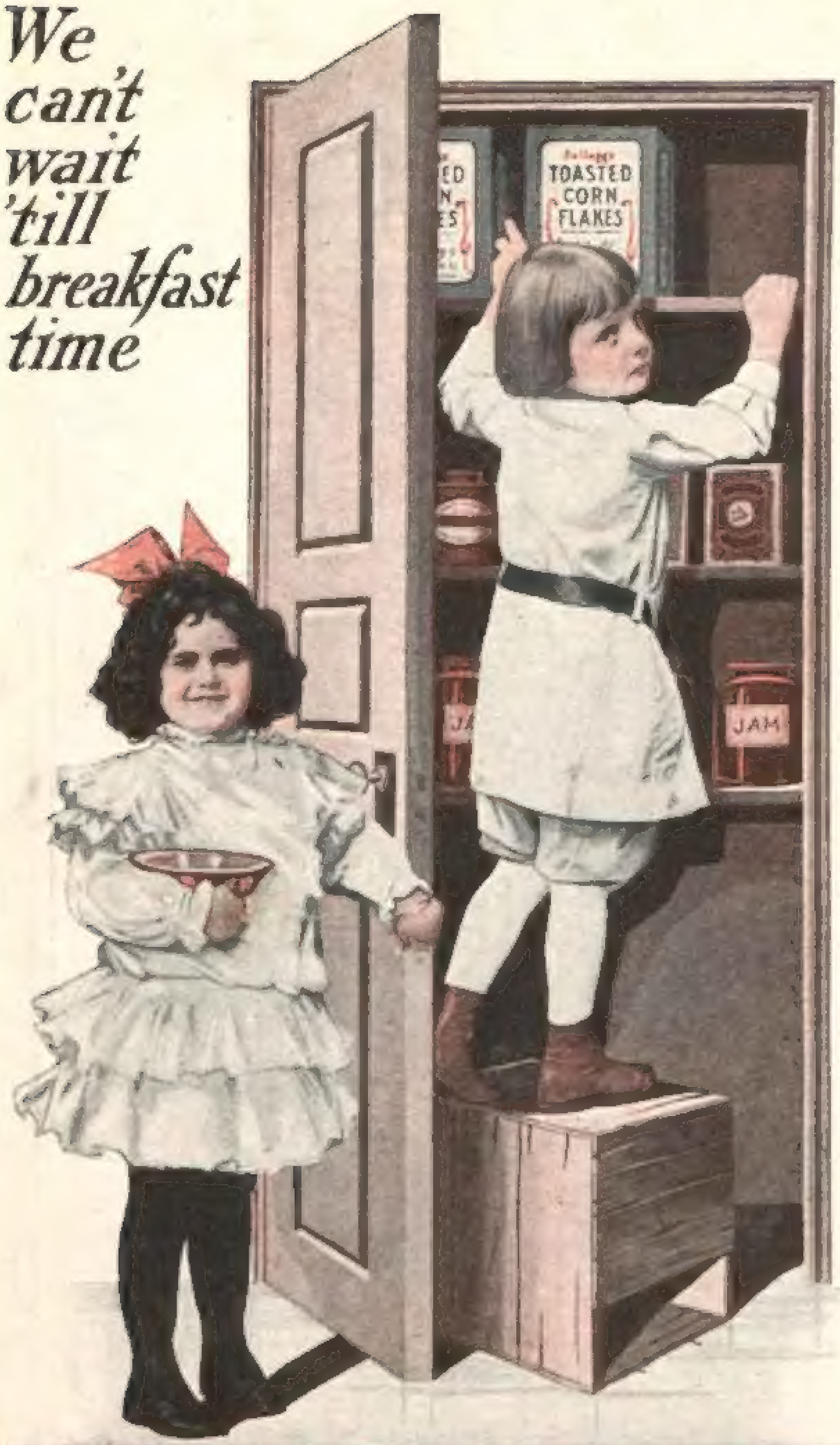
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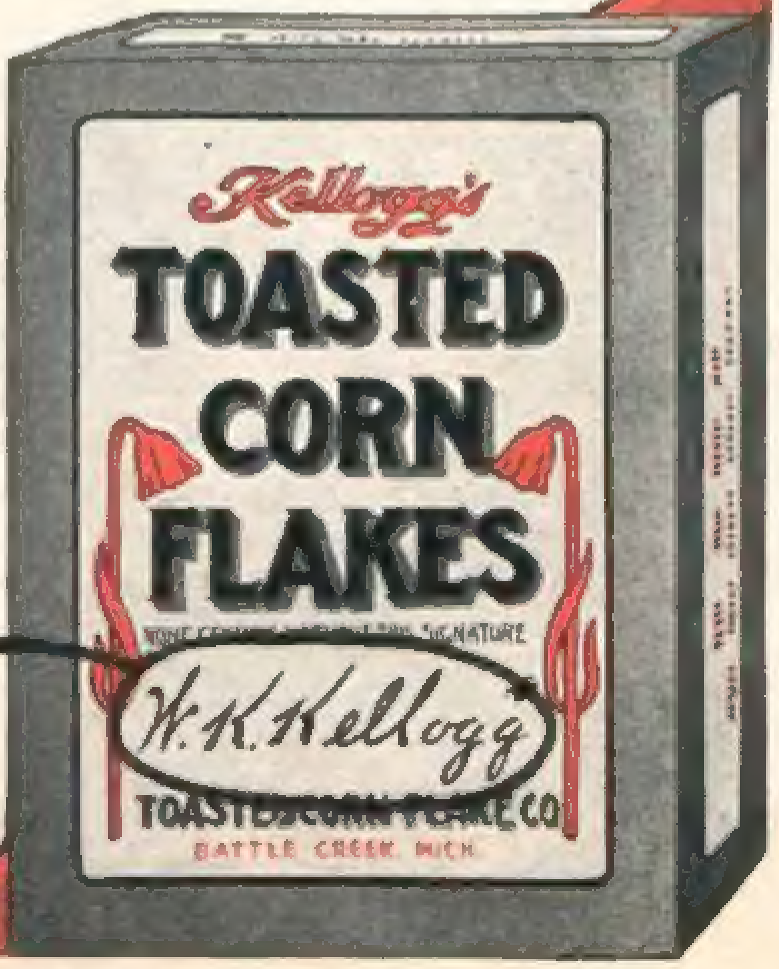
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